

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1886.

No. 5.

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You have put brains and work into your House, Clothing, Furniture, Books, Piano, Horse and Carriage, and can you afford to go without insuring them when it can be done at so little cost with

R. Walter HILLIARD,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

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Pleasant Street Market.

Give us a call and examine our stock of canned goods, first class in every respect. The canned Tomatoes, Corn and Peas are packed especially for our trade. In the stock you will find, Lima Beans, Squash, Green Grapes, Salmon, String Beans, Blueberries, White Cherries, Ham, Succotash, Pine Apple, Bartlett Pears, Corned Beef, Asparagus, Peaches, Dried Beef, Lamb's Tongue.

We also have a line of SOUPS, including, Chicken, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Tomato, and in Bottle goods we have Crosse & Black, Blue Cross, Bunker Hill, and F. & G. Heavy Pickles, and Olives. Sauces of all kinds. Salad Cream, Capers, Table Oil, French Mustard, Tomato Catsup, Horse Radish.

Ground cherry, Damson Plum, Golden Drop Plum Preserve and Raspberry jam in glass jars also in large buckets, which we retail in small quantities to please the trade. We have had that celebrated home made Mince Pie Meat put up in glass jars for family use. Come in and we will try and please you and deliver your goods free of charge.

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FRANK P. WINN.

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Nature's Great Vital Energy Recuperator.

Reasons Why it is Preferable to Flour.

Facts are Stubborn Truths.

Flour is the only impoverished food used by mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of the leguminous portion of the wheat, leaving the internal or starchy portion. In chemistry we find that in 100 parts of substance—

Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;

Flour an ash of 4.1 parts,—an impoverishment of over three-quarters.

Wheat has 8.3 Phosphoric Acid;

Flour 2.4 parts of Phosphoric Acid,—an impoverishment of about three-quarters.

Wheat has 0.6 Lime, and 0.6 Soda;

Flour 0.1 Lime and 0.1 Soda,—an impoverishment of five-sixths the Lime and Soda each.

Wheat has Sulphur 1.5; Flour has no sulphur.

Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no Sulphuric Acid.

Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour has no Silica.

Every effort of the mind or movement of a muscle involves the expenditure, or waste, of nervous energy and vitality, in proportion to the magnitude of the effort; these wasted products pass off with effete substances from the body, while recuperation is effected by nutrition. The loss of Physical force by using Common Flour is immense, which analysis proves.

First, then, make use of

Arlington Wheat Meal,

(Made from all the Wheat)

A perfect food for Children, making them strong and vigorous—also imparts strength to the aged.

Arlington Wheat Meal

Contains ALL THE WHEAT. In the coverings of the wheat are the Phosphates which go constitute bone and muscle, and materially assist digestion by causing the rapid decomposition of the food. It is in this way the phosphates in

ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL

act, giving new power and strength to the system

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NOW for the Holidays!

If you are in want of any kind of

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

CALL AT

L. C. TYLER'S

AND YOU CAN GET THEM.

If you are in want of any Men's or Boys'

Boats, Shoes or Rubbers,

Arctic, Over Shoes, Rubber Boots or a

good, nice Rubber Coat, call at

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and get them. He will also show you a fresh lot of

FANCY SLIPPERS,

For Christmas or New Year.

Ready-made Clothing!

We can show you some nice Suits, Overcoats,

Underwear, nice suits for Boys, and don't forget that we have a good stock of

HATS, CAPS, GLOVES AND UMBRELLAS,

new lot, all kinds; also a good assortment of

Trunks and Valises, all of which we should be

very glad to show you. Please call at the Old Corner Store,

Bank Building, Arlington.

CALVIN ANDREWS,

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,

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Particular attention paid to boarding horses

Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to

Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals,

Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams

Special pains will be taken to see all reasonable

demands.

1886. OUR OFFER. 1886

By a special arrangement with the

publishers of that elegant line steel en-

graving, "LONGFELLOW IN HIS LIBRARY," we are able to offer special induc-

ements for subscribers to our publica-

tions. We will send either of the three

from now until Jan. 1, 1887, and a PER-

FECT COPY of the above engraving as

follows:—

Engraving and Advocate to Jan. 1, '87, \$2.50

" " Minute-man " " 2.50

" " Village Gazette " " 1.75

The picture is an elegant affair, the

first proofs of which were sold for

\$50.00 each, and plain copies retail to-

day for \$7.50 each, showing it to be

a picture worthy a place in every home.

Any Arlington or Lexington boy, or

girl, who will bring us five dollars for

two subscribers, or any West Medford

boy or girl sending the price of three

subscribers, will receive a picture for

themselves, besides the papers and pic-

tures for those whose names they have

secured. This offer applies to old sub-

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time.

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ESTABLISHED 1845

The most popular Weekly newspaper

devoted to science, mechanics, engineering,

discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every

number illustrated with splendid engravings of

the latest inventions and discoveries. It is the

most valuable and interesting of all the

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Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN ARLINGTON.

—The response of the fire department

on Monday evening was very prompt.

—The Six Odd Associates are planning

for their annual masquerade. The date

will be announced next week.

—Mr. John H. Russell, manager of the

rink, has removed his family to Law-

rence.

—The ladder truck should not be

started out without two horses, when the

snow is deep on the ground.

—The Arlingtons had only six more

games to play to complete the series, at

the time they disbanded.

—The Arlingtons closed their connec-

tion with the Union League with a de-

feat, the visitors cleaning them out in

quick time.

—A good many were looking around

for Hilliard, on the train Monday morn-

ing, to get an accident policy.

—You had better secure an accident

policy with R. W. Hilliard. Then an

accident will not give you such an "aw-

ful scare."

—From a paragraph in the Boston

Journal we should infer that it was a

team from L. H. Brown's stable, in Som-

erville, that collided with Mr. Hardy's

team and caused the death of his horse.

—Evans' temperance dining rooms, op-

posite the Boston & Lowell railroad de-

pot in Boston, are finely fitted up and

the ylands and service are both first class.

It is an excellent place for a lunch or

dinner.

—Some persons have been amusing

themselves by smashing street lamps.

The Selectmen offer a reward of \$25 for

the arrest and conviction of any parties

implicated in the past or who may be de-

lected in the future.

—Next Saturday evening the Arling-

ton Polo Team will have a benefit in the

Rink, when the original Woburn team

will try conclusions with them. In ad-

dition to this and the usual general skat-

ing, there will be a three-mile race for

the championship of Middlesex County.

The team deserves a full house. Buy a

ticket, even if you cannot attend.

—The lately organized Young People's

Social Club, connected with the Univers-

alist church, will give an oyster supper

and entertainment in the vestry on Fri-

day evening, Feb. 5th. Oyster supper

served from 6.30 to 8 o'clock; entertain-

ment begins at eight. Admission to sup-

per and entertainment, 35 cents. Tick-

ets to be had of the members of the club,

also at the door. Come all.

—Tuesday evening, as Mr. Rodney J.

Hardy's horse, driven by his son, was

passing up the avenue at a fair speed and

when near the head of Lake street he

was struck in the breast by the shaft of

a sleigh approaching in the opposite

direction, and received injuries from

which he died a few minutes afterwards.

The parties in the sleigh inflicting the

damage are unknown.

—The Highland hose people thought

they heard the centre fire alarm bell on

Monday evening, and set their own to

ringing. Soon all the bells were clang-

ing, and the entire fire department turned

out, each dragging their apparatus to-

wards a common centre on the avenue,

and when they met the mistake was dis-

covered. Every one breathed easier when

it was ascertained the alarm was a false

one, for it was a terrible night for a fire.

(a nice piece of cabinet work and uphol-

stering) together with two gavel, to

Post 36, G. A. R., and made a present of

a lot of fans to Bethel Lodge room. The

Bible was donated to Cameron Lodge,

K. of H., Somerville, where most of the

members will deposit their cards. The

balance of the property not required to

be returned to the Grand Lodge, was

sold at auction. The Lodge closes its

affairs honorably, with all bills paid and

a surplus in the treasury more than suf-

ficient to pay the entrance fees of members

into other lodges. The secretaries and

treasurer each received a money present

from the lodge in recognition of their

services in sustaining the lodge until cer-

tain benevolences could be lawfully and

fully accomplished. Eight thousand

dollars in benefits have been paid to the

heirs of deceased brothers while the

lodge has been in existence.

—The palace beautiful and conflict

with Apollyon, is to be the subject of the

discourse at the Congregational church,

on Pleasant street, on Sunday evening.

All are cordially invited to be present.

—Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. Rugg were

delegates to the State W. R. C. meeting.

The three senior officers also were

present.

—Miss Baker's dancing class will give

an exhibition and reception in Village

Hall, East Lexington, on the evening of

Thursday, Feb. 4th.

—The Right Rev. Dr. Paddock, Bishop

of Massachusetts, will administer Con-

firmation in St. John's church, on Sun-

day morning.

—The wife of Commander Horace D.

Durgin was honored by the State Wom-

an's Relief Corps, in being chosen

their delegate to the grand National En-

campment at San Francisco, next sum-

mer.

—There was a storm to interfere with

the exhibition game in the rink last Mon-

day evening, and the audience was a

small one in consequence. The Arling-

tons were the winning team.

—Mr. Mark A. Richardson died on

Tuesday, at Mr. Vernon, N. H., where for

some months he has been stopping with

his wife. Although in feeble health for

Edward Goadby, and English statistician, has been figuring up the cost of the Franco-German war, the Russo-Turkish war, the Russian conquests in Asia and the French operations in Tunis and Tonquin, and puts the figures at \$2,787,500,000.

The new marriage license law in Pennsylvania has proved a bonanza to New Jersey preachers living near the State line. Hundreds of Pennsylvania couples avoid the publicity and expense of a license by crossing the river to have the knot tied.

There was a novel affair in Paris lately. Two French women entered into a contest to determine which of them could talk fastest. A common friend was appointed umpire, and the sum of \$200 was to go to the victor. For three hours they read from a novel, and during that time the victor succeeded in pronouncing 396,311 words. Her adversary came in a bad second with 203,560 words.

Coral jewelry is daily becoming more costly, owing to the diminished supply of the material. The fisheries this year have been unsuccessful. Few persons are aware of the extent of the coral traffic. Naples alone employs five hundred vessels and five thousand men in this fishery. The Naples merchants export \$2,000,000 worth yearly to India alone, to say nothing of exportations to other places in Asia and Africa.

Lawrence Barrett, the actor, has been talking to a reporter, and gives to the world the information that he is now a vegetarian. It appears that he met a physician who told him that Americans ate altogether too much underdone beef, and ruined their lives thereby. Barrett at once determined to leave off beef eating and, although the struggle was hard, he has finally conquered, and says he believes the vegetable diet has improved his voice.

There was a fire in New York city last year for every forty-two buildings, all told, 2,479 fires, with a total loss of \$3,789,283. Twelve persons were killed at fires; twenty-three fatally injured; 102 seriously and 190 slightly. Altogether there are 104,103 buildings in the city exclusive of sheds. The number of buildings uptown has increased, and the number downtown decreased, as large structures take the place of many small ones. In 1883 there were 136 alleged fireproof buildings in New York. At the end of 1885 they had increased to 522, while the buildings that are over four stories high had increased from 8,251 to 14,199. These facts are contained in the annual report of the fire department.

We read in the *Florida Herald* that "the eyes of the Northern mill men are turning eagerly to the comparatively virgin forests of the South, and heavy sales of timbered land are constantly being announced. If the ravenous saw must be fed, and no better and cheaper building material than wood can be devised, then the people of the South should not dispose of their heritage for a mere pittance of its actual value. These huge tracts of yellow pine can be converted into yellow gold, and should not be sacrificed as a worthless possession. We should make the most of our opportunities, and not yield too readily to the pressure of greenbacks. These huge areas of undisturbed trees are daily enhancing in value and importance as the supply in the North and West diminishes. It is idle to talk of the "inexhaustible" forests of the South, when Mr. Little of Montreal, an authority on the subject, estimates that the saving capacity of the North is sufficient to consume the merchantable pine of this State in less than a year. The South possesses mines of wealth in her noble forests, and they should not be disposed of carelessly, and without a full appreciation of their true and real value."

The Chihuahua (Mexico) *Enterprise* reports the discovery of some remarkable ancient ruins on a hill or mountain four leagues south of Magdalena, in Sonora. The hill is about 700 feet high, and halfway up there is a layer of gypsum which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut. In this layer of stone are cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms from 6x10 to 16x18 feet square. So even and true are the walls, floor and ceiling, so plumb and level, as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms, and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are but eight feet high from floor to ceiling. The stone is so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are not at all dark. On the walls of these rooms are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human beings cut in the stone in different places; but, strange to say, all the hands have five fingers and a thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms; implements of every description are to be found. The houses or rooms are one above the other to three or more stories high, but between each story there is a jog or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mountain.

The Indian women are coming hourly to the front. At a late meeting of the Presbyterian synod of Dakota, the Indian women reported having raised \$500 for missionary work among their own people last year. This was more than all the money raised by their white sisters in three societies.

Professor C. H. Hall thinks that "the farmer is in need of a higher education—the disciplined mind and a larger amount of information—as a means of self-protection, that he may be able to defend himself and his against the sharks and humbugs which so often entangle him. What he wants is ability, discipline, and knowledge widened, until he is able to measure aims, forecast results, and thwart the purposes of his unscrupulous foe. He wants to be drilled so that he may be able to meet the intellect of the knave on the road, of the scoundrel on the street corner."

Washington seems to have two very successful bill collectors. One of these rides a home-made tricycle of peculiar build. If a man doesn't pay he sits on his machine in front of the house, and gazes mournfully up at the windows, bill in hand. "The Tricycle Man" is well known, and his machine always attracts attention, so he has little trouble in collecting even the most hopeless bills. The other sends in his bill in a big envelope that has his name and vocation printed on it in large type. A man doesn't like to get these great circus poster envelopes and so pays up.

A leading Northern physician calls attention to the fact that one of the most common and fatal forms of disease at this season of the year, especially if the temperature is above the freezing-point, is pneumonia. The illness results from exposure to violent changes in the atmosphere, such as are experienced on going from overheated rooms into the damp, chill air outside without sufficient protection in the form of wraps. Men are tempted to leave off overcoats when called to go short distances, and women neglect to put on the same weight of garments for a brief walk which they are accustomed to wear under ordinary circumstances out of doors. This folly is too apt to be indulged in by persons who room in one house and take meals in another. "It is only a step," they say, but that "step" may be long enough to produce a thorough chill, which induces the conditions favorable to disease. Another danger, particularly to women, lies in the thin-soled shoes worn without rubbers. Ladies clothed in heavy furs and woollen are frequently seen upon the wet streets shod with light foot-gear, regardless of the fact that the extremities are the parts which should be best protected. These common means of defying the simplest laws of health keep the doctors busy and increase the mortality statistics of cities.

A naval officer, in speaking of an associate, said the other day to a Washington correspondent: "He is a good fellow, but he is a Coburger." When asked to explain the term he replied: "There is a certain class of men in the navy who have always held soft berths, and whom it seems impossible to dislodge. They are official favorites, and we call them 'Coburgers.' There are scores of them in the navy department here. I know of one who has attained the rank of full commander, and whose boast is that 'he never stood a watch.' He was graduated from the naval academy near the close of the war, and promotion was actually so rapid that his boast is the truth. He has been floating round Washington ever since I can remember, and will probably be here when I am gone. There is a choice assortment of soft things in connection with the judge-advocate-general's bureau; Judge-Advocate-General Remey himself has a pretty easy time of it. He is only a captain in the marine corps, but his total sea duty is very small. He has been so long in Washington that people have almost forgotten his real rank. I knew of another case which is even worse. A certain officer, now stationed at the League Island navy yard, hasn't been more than twenty-four hours' ride from Washington for the last sixteen years. The navy department here is full of just such people. How do they manage it? Petticoat influence. I can mention five women in this town who can keep me here until I'm a rear admiral if they only said the word."

Largest Sewer in the World.
A large sewer is being constructed in Washington which is stated to be seven feet larger in diameter than any other sewer in the world. In its smallest part it is larger than the largest of the sewers in Paris. For over 2,000 feet it is a circular sewer for twenty feet in diameter. A fully equipped palace car, locomotive and all, could be run through it without difficulty. This enormous sewer is intended to drain the immense watershed lying to the north of the city. Beside that, it will carry to the eastern branch of the Potomac all the contents of the smaller system of sewers in the northern part of the city. It will take probably a year to complete the work. The Boundary Street sewer, with its connecting systems, will cost, when completed over \$700,000. At present the work of excavation is carried on by machinery, which lifts the soil and lands it on the completed part of the work by means of a system of cables. The same cables are used in lowering the bricks and cement to the workmen.

MORNING-EVENING.
Through waves of scurrying mist soft, roseate beams
Pierce suddenly the vapors dense; and gleams
Of sunlight splendor fall o'er land and sea;
Before the wave of light earth's shadows flee,
And cloud symphs chase the rosy dawn,
While rays
Of gold and violet dance thro' wreaths of haze.
But over sunset skies a mystic light
Diffuses round each cherub cloud-form white
A glow supernal, as from jasper walls,
While o'er the throbbing heart of Nature falls
A sudden hush—as when some long-sought goal
At last draws close unto the trembling soul.
—Eva Gorton Taylor, in the *Current*.

A CHANGE OF MIND.

"Now it is no use for you to talk, George. That dog must go. I'm only too glad to come and keep house for you, and I'll do my best; but there is not room enough here for me and the dog."
"Nonsense, auntie!" I said, kissing the lovely, crotchety old soul. "You don't know Jackson yet. He's a splendid fellow, as you'll say when you've made friends. Hi, Jackson! Bloskers!"

My dog had been sitting up with his back toward us, and his head bent down right in the centre of the fender, as if he were warming his scalp, and apparently in day-dream about bones, or Smith's dog round the corner; but the moment I spoke, he made a dash to the side, reared up, caught the old-fashioned wooden bell-pull in his teeth, gave it a vigorous tug, and returned to his place.

"There!" cried my aunt. "I declare he's a demon! I don't believe in fancies, or ghosts, or spirits, or haunting, or any nonsense of that kind; but that dog's a demon. There! there!" she cried excitedly. "Look at him! Did you see him lift up that right ear, and leer at me in that wicked, malignant way with his right eye?"

"He fancied that you were talking about him, auntie."

"He knew I was talking about him. I declare, he sends a cold shudder through me! I'm afraid of him, George."

"But what has he been doing now?" I said, as the old lady arranged her mittens, and proceeded to pour out the coffee.

"Rushed into my room this morning, when Jane brought the hot water; and then he wouldn't let me get up."

"Wouldn't let you get up? Nonsense, auntie! Why, he's as good as can be!"

"He's not, George!" she cried, with her hands trembling. "He's as wicked as can be! Every time I moved to get up, he growled; and I was obliged to ring for Jane to come and take him out, when he ran under the bed, and she had to fetch your fishing-rod to drive him out."

"Oh, I know why that was. You've got my bedroom, and he doesn't like any one else being there. He'll forget it in a day or two."

"He never will, and he has taken a malignant spite against me."

"Which you can cure by giving him a bit of this," I said, as Jane entered the room with a couple of covered dishes. "He's very fond of bloskers' heads. Do you see?"

"Ugh!" ejaculated my aunt. "Send him out, George! I can't bear him to be here. He gives me the creeps. The dog is not a natural beast. He has an evil spirit in him; I know he has."

I simply sat back in my chair and laughed. It was impossible to help it, for Jackson had turned sharply round as soon as Jane had entered with the dishes; and as soon as she had taken off the covers and gone, the dog uttered three low barks, trotted to the door, and then raised himself up on his hind legs and walked solemnly right round the table, open-mouthed and erect of ear, till he reached the hearth-rug, where he remained motionless.

"Look, George!" cried my aunt again. "He's putting out his tongue at me now, derisively. Go away! Cist! Go away!"

As soon as I could recover myself, I cut off the bloskers' heads, and pitched them, one by one, to Jackson, who caught them and swallowed them on the instant, before subsiding on to his four legs.

"There's the secret of his possession, auntie," I said. "Let me give you a blosker. Genuine; slightly smoked. I've been idle all these years, waiting for practice, and I've taught my dog a few tricks. There, come, make friends with him. Here, Jackson, shake hands with the lady."

Jackson uttered a low growl.

"There, you see, my dear!" cried my aunt, triumphantly. "He has taken a great dislike to me."

"Then he must learn better," I said, sternly. "How dare you, sir! Go in the corner! Be off! You dog, you!"

Jackson seemed to resent being called "you dog," for at those words he uttered a low growl, trotted to the corner, threw up his muzzle so as to get his throat straight, and uttered such a series of yelps that my aunt put her fingers to her ears, and filled her face full of wrinkles both wide and deep.

"There, that will do!" I said, loudly. "You can come back now. Go and shake hands with that lady, sir! Do you hear?"

Jackson came out of the corner, and walking slowly up to my aunt, held out his paw, which she took at my request, but not until she had covered her hand with her handkerchief, an insult which Jackson seemed to resent, for he uttered a low growl.

I had had Jackson five years. He came to me a ridiculous-looking, fat little object, with a skin far too large for him, and heavy, clumsy paws; and all through the days of his puppyhood he passed his time as carefully divided as a King Alfred might have divided his own puppy Jackson's being, between eating, sleeping, and worrying his enemies, these latter being anything that came in his way, especially legs of tables, chairs, the sofa, or, above all, a shoe, with which latter, or a boot, or even a slipper, he would have, which seemed no doubt to him, the most furious fights.

By dint of a good deal of talking, and on the strength of my being a great favorite, a truce was patched up between my aunt and Jackson; but that it was a hollow truce I knew, as well as I did

that it would require superhuman efforts to make my old relative really like that dog. It was a constant trouble to me, for I wanted to make the old lady's life happy, and I did not want to sacrifice Jackson to a caprice. But hardly a day passed without some trouble, something wrong. One day the little dining-room bell rang furiously, and I ran in to see what was wrong, to find my aunt standing upon a chair, with the top cupboard open, and Jackson, with his ears fiercely cocked, watching her.

"Take away that dog, George!" she cried. "The moment I opened this cupboard door, he attacked me."

"But he has not bitten you, aunt?" I cried, excitedly.

"Oh, no, he has not bitten me—yet!" she cried. "But he has been watching me, just as he does the beggars who come to the gate, and I know what that means."

I called Jackson away, and my aunt descended, but a volume would hardly suffice if I attempted to relate all the troubles, real and imaginary, that were told me by my aunt, the principal being what she called the fact that Jackson, by some means or other, always got beneath her bed; and when it was pointed out to her, on the most irrefutable evidence, that Jackson was always chained up in his kennel every night, she merely tightened her lips, and said that it was very mysterious.

"Are you going to destroy that dog, George, or am I to go?" said the old lady, one morning. "I declare it's unbearable!"

"What is unbearable, my dear aunt?" I said, putting my arm around her slight form, and drawing her to me.

"There, there, I won't be coaxed and cheated into silence any more," making a pretence of putting me away. "I declare it's shameful! That demon of a dog regularly haunts me. I can't stir a step without his being after me, watching me in that horribly sly, leering way of his."

"Why, auntie, he's listening, and trying to find out what you mean."

"Oh, no, my dear, don't tell me that! I know better. That creature understands every word that is said, perfectly, just as well as a—no, I won't say Christian, but he understands, and he is always meditating some mischief against me. I know he is. He took a dislike to me as soon as I came."

"Oh, nonsense, aunt; why he has tried no end of times to make friends with you."

"Make friends?" she cried.

"Yes; I saw him come to you only yesterday, and lick your hand."

"To be sure he did, the nasty carnivorous creature. That's his wolfish appetite. He sent a shiver through me, and made my hand quite wet."

"Now, my dear auntie," I said, "I'm sure you would not wish me to poison that poor, faithful beast."

"Poison, indeed!" cried my aunt; "why, I never even hunted at such a thing."

"But you said destroy him. Surely you don't want me to cut his head off with the meat-chopper."

"Really, my dear, I must leave the room," cried the old lady, "if you will persist in talking in this dreadful strain. And there—ugh!—go way. Look at him. I'm sure he understands every word we say."

"Well, it can't be pleasant for him to hear you plotting his murder, auntie," I said.

"I did not, sir," she cried, warmly. "I never plotted anything in my life."

"But you said, 'destroy him,' aunt."

"You know as well as I do, sir, that I meant give him away."

"Give him away, aunt!" I cried, laughing; "why it would be impossible. Unless I sent him across the sea, he would be certain to come back. Wouldn't you, Jack, old man?"

Jackson made one bound on to my knee, and my aunt uttered a shriek of dismay as the dog placed his paws on my shoulder, cocked his ears, and gave three low barks.

"If you have any respect for me, my dear," she said at last, "send that dog away—at all events, send him out of the room."

"Oh, all right, auntie," I said. "Here, Jackson, out you go."

The dog leaped down, looked up at me wistfully, then glanced at my aunt, and trotted out at the open door, and into the garden, where he barked sharply at his disappointment, for he had evidently believed that I was coming, too.

"That's better, my dear," said the old lady. "I dare say you think me a very strange, crotchety, old woman; but I can't help that. Did you see what a horrible threatening look that dog gave me as he went out?"

"No, aunt, I did not."

"Ah, well, he did, my dear. And now I'm going for a walk. I shall go upstairs and put on my things, and then have a walk, and mind that dog does not see me go, or I know he'll come and watch me all the time."

"All right, auntie," I said, smiling; and as she went upstairs, I sat down in my little study, and began reading, just looking up when she came back and kissed me.

I heard the front door close, and then there was a short, sharp bark.

"He has heard her go," I said to myself, and starting up, I reached the back window in time to see Jackson with his head and tail up, galloping across the field at the bottom of the garden, so as to get round to the road, and join my aunt.

It must have been about an hour after, that I got up to go and make a call or two, just at the edge of the village; and I was some distance on my way, when, all at once, I heard a shout—half-shriek, half yell of agony—coming from a turn of the road, and directly after a man came in sight, running with all his might, and as soon as he saw me, he made in my direction, crying out, "Help! help! help!"

"What's the matter? What is it?" I said; but he only looked at me wildly, and dashed on, while, when I turned to gaze after him, the mystery was solved; a dog had attacked him, had fastened on to his coat or collar, or somewhere that I could not clearly make out, and there he hung between the man's shoulders.

The matter looked serious enough for me to follow after, and see the end, for I was afraid that the dog might really hurt the man, though I was perfectly certain that Jackson would not have attacked the fellow as he had without very severe provocation.

At the end of a few hundred yards I came upon a group of the village people laughing together, and it relieved me a good deal.

"He's a tramp-chap, doctor, who's been hanging about here these last two days. After no good, I think," said the butcher. But he's gone off now, and I don't s'pose he'll come back."

"And was the dog fastened on to him still?" I said, anxiously.

"Oh, no, sir," said another of the group. "Just as he got here he tripped and fell, and your dog went flying, with a bit of the chap's coat in his mouth."

"Yes, and he held on to it, too, and stood there growling when the tramp-chap got up and limped off. Say, doctor, if you ever part with that dog, I'll buy him of you."

Relieved in mind, but a little puzzled, too, at this display of savagery, and asking myself whether, perhaps, after all, for my aunt's sake, I had not better part with Jackson, I went on my round, saw several patients, feeling as important as a young doctor should, forgot all about Jackson and my aunt, and finally made my way home pretty tired, and then all at once the dog's adventure came into my mind.

For, as I let myself into the passage and was in the act of hanging up my hat, I suddenly stood as if petrified, for from out of the little parlor, whose door stood open, came the sound of my aunt's voice, speaking softly, in a cooling, gentle, tender way—words such as I never expected to hear her utter—

"And he was a dear, good, old, faithful doggie, then, he was. And he did love the cross, disagreeable old woman, he did, he did."

Then there was a low, soft, whining howl, from Jackson unmistakably, for I knew his voice. It was just the sound he made when he had his leg broken and I tied it up in splints.

I stood in the doorway, and there was my aunt upon her knees by the fire, with a basin of water and a sponge, talking away tenderly to Jackson, who was patiently holding his head out, resting his great ugly jaw on my aunt's white hand, while she busily sponged away at one of his eyes, which I saw at a glance was very much injured, and bleeding freely.

On the hearth-rug there was a large piece of torn cloth, evidently part of a collar, and on the edge of the fender two of my aunt's clean pocket handkerchiefs, one folded bandage fashion, the other formed into a pad.

So much matter-of-fact surgery was being displayed that I stopped and watched—silently—delighted at seeing this new-born affection of my old friend. And there I stood, while my aunt went on talking tenderly as she bathed, Jackson answering with a sympathetic howl, never even flinching, though he must have been in a good deal of pain.

"There!" she said; "and now his old mistress will go and fetch him a shawl, and she'll fold it up, and he shall lie on it till he gets well, and—oh, George, how you startled me!" she cried; and I saw that her face was wet with tears.

"Why, auntie, what's the matter?"

"Matter, my dear? Why, a horrible great tramp met me right away from the village, and begged," she cried, volubly; "and he seemed so poor that I took out my purse and gave him a shilling, when he looked up and down the road, and seeing no one near, he snatched my purse out of my hand. Then he seized my watch-chain, and tried to drag it off; but I clung to it and shrieked out, when that dear, good, brave dog flew at him."

"Wuph—wuph—bow—bow—bow!" barked Jackson, fiercely.

"Yes, he did, a dear, good dog him!" cried my aunt, affectionately; "and the savage man kicked him with his heavy boot in the eye, and knocked him down, but Jackson got up and rushed at him, and the man ran off, and the dear dog seized him as he ran away."

"And did he get your purse, auntie?"

"No, my dear, he dropped it; and when I got home the poor dog lay there with his eye bleeding dreadfully, and—I declare, I'll never go for a walk without him again!"

As she spoke, she knelt down to pat and stroke the injured dog, who whined softly, and then licked her hand.

My aunt did not draw her hand away, but looked up at me with her eyes streaming.

"Now, look here, auntie," I said one day, months after, "he's getting too fat. I will not have him pampered and petted so."

"Of course I don't believe in that dog being a demon, but I'll make affidavit before any judge that that dog smiled at me and winked."—*G. Manville Penn, in Youth's Companion*.

Began at the Foot of the Ladder.

Senator Davis is one of the most popular men, being a self-made man, as the following reminiscence shows. In 1882 a dinner party was given in New York city. Henry G. Davis sat at one end of the table, Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, sat at the other, and General W. T. Sherman at the head. The general began a reminiscence of his life by saying:

"When I was a lieutenant—"

"Come, now, Sherman," interrupted Mr. Davis, "were you ever a lieutenant?"

"Yes, Davis," he replied, "I was a lieutenant about the time you were a brakeman on a freight train."

"Well, boys," observed Cameron, "I don't suppose either of you ever cut cord-wood for a living, as I did."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Unseasonable.

One of Tennyson's new poems begins: And now the heavenly Power makes all things new.

And comes the red-plowed hills With loving blue. The blackbirds have their wills, The poets too.

The lines would be more seasonable if they were as follows: And now the frost king's power makes noses blue; Icebound are brooks and rills, The year is new, Our grocer sends us bills, The butcher, too.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER.

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders, Sowed a seed of glory and duty That flowers and flames in height and beauty Like a crimson lily with heart of gold, To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer— No matter on which side, Philip or Earl; Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.

Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer

That day in the wildest work of the field, He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;

His comrades were slain or a scattered host, But stainless and scatheless out of the strife He had carried his colors safer than life.

By the river's brink, without a weapon or shield,

He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed.

Ere he held aloft in the setting sun, As proudly as if the fight were won, And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade, Cut the silk from the gilded staff, Which he posed like a spear till the charge was made.

And hurled at the leader with a laugh, The round his breast, like the scarf of love, He tied the colors his heart above, And plunged in his armor into the tide, And there, in his dress of honor, he died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach? And what is the text of your proud commanders?

Out of the centuries heroes reach With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story.

Of one man's truth and of all men's glory, Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

—John Boyle O'Reilly, in *Outing*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Justifiable homicide—Sleighting girls.—*Citizen*.

If a man is to die by inches he wants to be tall.—*New York News*.

A snow-plow is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.—*Boston Bulletin*.

Jones—"Can you always tell a fool?" Brown—"If he doesn't ask too much. What would you like to know?"—*Binghamton Republican*.

They are going down to dinner: He—"May I sit on your right hand?" She—"Oh, I think you had better take a chair." He did.—*Paris News*.

Dio Lewis says that hot water will cure all complaints. In that case im-provident men ought to be extra healthy, for they are always in it.

Entering the asylum for inebriates, he asked: "Do you treat drunkards here?" "Yes, sir," "Well, I'm one. Where's yer bar?"—*Chicago News*.

An exchange says the "fall of the skating rink has come." Well, it is time. The rink has caused enough falls in its time.—*New York Graphic*.

A brass band has been organized among the employes of a Columbus carriage factory. They are said to be musical fellows.—*Ohio State Journal*.

An Eastern physician has published a work telling how to prevent scars. A treatise on minding one's own business, most likely.—*Chicago Ledger*.

In regard to modern languages it is said that the Chinese is the most difficult. We find this out when we try to explain to our Chinese laundryman that a pair of our socks is missing.—*Siftings*.

Billy's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose, and she cried a great deal over it. Hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she'd spoil it next time, he said: "What's the good of a nose to her? She never blows it."

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, they say, and it needs but a glance to convince the most skeptical that some men don't know any more about architecture than a hen knows about artificial incubation.—*Merchant Traveler*.

The blissful elasticity of spirit which a self-made man is supposed to possess, is despondency itself compared to that elastic buoyancy of soul which permeates the being of the street Arab who has learned to play a tune on the mouth organ.—*Chicago Ledger*.

Man in a carriage (to a farmer in the field)—"That corn doesn't look as though you'd get mor'n half a crop."

Farmer in the field (to man in a carriage)—"Don't expect to. I'm working it on shares." I mean you won't get much to the acre. "Don't expect to; only got half an acre."

Jones—"Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw." Smith—"Correct." Jones—"They say you sleep fifteen hours out of every twenty-four." Smith—"Correct." Jones—"What do you do for it?" Smith—"In order to economize. You see it costs nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin."

AN OPTIMIST'S LAY.
The buttercups that gilded the vale In summer's golden hours are fled; The wild rose red, the primrose pale, The hyacinth—all, all are dead.

No more at morn in beauty's pride Their tinted petals they unfold; And scent the breeze; they drooped and died When chill winds swept across the wild.

But why should we their loss deplore, Why spend our time in vain regrets When organs grinders to our door Come daily with "Sweet Vio

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A German geographer and statistician, Dr. A. Fischer, estimates that an annual slaughter of 40,000 elephants is necessary to supply the ivory exported from Africa.

Chloride of zinc used as a soldering fluid is said to poison the contents of the tins in which food is sealed. An inventor has patented a solution of lactic acid and glycerol in water as a soldering flux which is said to be perfectly harmless.

A remarkable variation has been observed in the stature of the inhabitants of France. If a line be drawn diagonally across the country from Manche to Lyons the people to the northeast of the division have an average height of five feet 6.6 inches, while those on the southwest side average only five feet 4.6 inches.

A botanist has attempted to estimate the number of seeds found upon some of the most obnoxious weeds of the country. For shepherd's purse he makes the number 37,500 per plant; dandelion, 12,108; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thistle, 7,000; common thistle, 65,366; camomile, 15,920; butter weed, 8,587; rag weed, 4,366; common purslane, 388,800; common plantain, 42,200; burdock, 38,068.

From Central America Mr. Meyer, a distinguished archaeologist, reports a remarkable discovery. Some forty feet beneath the surface of an ancient cemetery on the island of Zapatera he came upon a figured rock and two stone tablets. The former seemed to be a record of ancient astronomical observations; while one of the tablets bore a representation of the world, including a continent which is supposed to be the lost Atlantis of certain old authors. Inscriptions—partly Phœnician—were cut on the other tablet.

The cause of cold waves, Lieutenant Woodruff of the Signal Service bureau says, is not yet understood. He explains that in various investigations and studies it has been shown that "a fall of temperature succeeds or follows an area of low barometer and a rise precedes such an area," and asks the following question: "Is the cold effect of an area of high barometer, or is the area of high barometer due to decrease of temperature?" The prediction of the approach or progress of cold waves is as yet apt to go wrong nine times out of ten. The most intense cold waves follow severe storms.

Artificial leather is, according to a recent French invention, made by a cotton fabric, the warp threads of which are very lightly twisted, and the weft threads of which are finer than usual. This fabric is saturated on both sides, and immersed in a preparation consisting of a decoction of linseed, rabbit-skin glue, linseed oil and coloring matter. When the fabric is impregnated with this preparation it is stretched upon a polished zinc plate, and laid upon a steam-heated hot plate, the drying being continued until the aqueous portion is entirely evaporated. It is claimed that this artificial leather is an excellent imitation of the real thing.

A Chinese Printing Office.

A reporter on the San Francisco Report, who recently made a trip to the Chinese quarters, says that a visit to a Chinese printing establishment is productive of much that is interesting. Movable types are in use in the San Francisco Chinese newspaper offices. The manner of getting a Chinese newspaper on the press is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the characters is left there. A large roller is inked and pressed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper that is to be. The Chinese pressman prints thirteen papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. A Chinese printing office has never been struck by lightning.

The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work of the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not yet arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper.

The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on a loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside.

Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In one instance, on Washington street, a barber shop is run in the same apartment with the editorial room, and in all cases no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far, either.

Very Inconvenient.

A popular clergyman recently related the following thrilling incident: A gentleman shaving cut off his nose; startled at his mishap he let his razor fall, and in falling it cut off his toe. A doctor was summoned, and in replacing the dismembered limbs he made a mistake, putting the nose on the toe and the toe on the nose. This transposition is now causing the man much inconvenience; when he has need to blow his nose he is obliged to take off his shoes.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The Tyrant's Hour.

Let every sound be dead!
Baby sleeps.
The Emperor softly trends!
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop!
Baby sleeps.
Let Phidias' chisel drop!
Baby sleeps.
Demosthenes be dumb!
Baby sleeps.
O'er tyrant's hour has come,
Baby sleeps.
—Washington Star.

CAPTURING A DEVIL FISH.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.

A Marine Monster That Fought Long and Hard for Life—Eighteen Feet From Wing to Wing.

It has been suggested to the writer by our mutual friend, Dr. Perber, that some of the incidents which occurred during a certain trip made last season down the western coast of the peninsula of Florida were worth preserving. If it were possible to picture to your readers the events of such a day as vividly as memory presents them to the actors, then might this communication justify itself. The day selected for the experiment is March 10, 1885. The boat is the sloop "Ell. M. Little," of about eight tons. Captain and owner, Alfred P. Jones, Pilot, Wilson; Christian name omitted, as a suspicion exists that he never was properly baptized. Able seaman, Abram, Supernumeraries, Messrs. Blank and Black, otherwise the "big" and "little" doctor, well-known physicians of Chicago, genial companions, ardent sportsmen; and lastly, the writer. Time, sunrise. Location, a few miles south of Punta Rasa, and just opposite the entrance to Estero Bay.

The day is a perfect one, the air soft, balmy and inspired by a gentle breeze from the west. One of the party is seated upon the cabin sweeping the horizon with his omnipresent field glass.

"Pilot, what's that big fin half a mile away on the weather bow?"

"Devil fish," Pilot, that's what we are here for. We want that fish."

"You don't want to fool with no devil fish; there ain't no child's play about them."

"Pilot, we want that fish."

"Yes," adds the little doctor; "we will have him if we have to follow him home."

"Well, if I must, I must, but you've got to tend the line, and the others get into the cockpit out of the way. I don't want any one killed by this foolishness."

"We will do as we are told, if it is to jump overboard; only strike that fish!"

Off came the pilot's coat, shoes and stockings, the anchors are carried aft, everything movable taken from the forward deck, and three or four hundred feet of half inch manilla rope coiled there. The job is hauled down and carefully lashed. The pilot plants himself upon the bowsprit, with his heavy pole balanced in his right hand, his left gathering in a few coils of the line which he has just attached firmly to the harpoon. The hand of the captain is on the tiller, while his eyes follow every motion of the pilot. Abram stands by the halliards ready for the expected order. One of the passengers, with hands trembling with excitement, holds the line, prepared to give it a turn around the windlass or his own neck, as he may be instructed. The other two sit with the rifles on the top of the cabin, equally ready to jump overboard or down among the coils of line, according as the one or the other gives promise of most excitement.

Thod! Crash! A young waterspout under the bow, a line whizzing through torn and blistered fingers.

"Down mainsail. Give that line a turn round the windlass. Hard down your helm. Catch that pole." But everything cannot be done at once. The line has a double turn around the windlass; the sloop is already plowing the water in the direction of the great fish, and the harpoon pole is fifty yards astern. Into the skiff tumbles one of the party, and, plunging vigorously, soon recovers the pole. To turn is less easy, and when, after a long pull, our friend is within forty yards of the sloop, the monster, suddenly changing his course, swims straight for the little boat. For a moment the occupant contemplates the sport of the chase from an unusual standpoint (for a man), but happily his boat is barely touched by one of the great wings of the gigantic "sea bat," and he soon finds himself safe (and warm) on board. Back comes the fish, and a casual blow makes our craft shiver from stem to stern, and suggests that we owe much to the ignorance of our prey.

Somebody's rifle cracks, and the spouting blood and crimson wake promise to our inexperience the approaching termination of our resistance, and consequently of sport. But neither one bullet nor the score that follow it avail in the direction of our anticipations. Deeper and deeper swims the fish, now probably forty feet below the surface, but straight out into the gulf, and with increasing velocity. The occupants of a pleasure yacht which we pass gaze with wonder upon a sloop bowling along against wind and wave without a sail set. The wind is increasing; waves rising; hours passing. The weight of three men is constantly on the line hauling in as opportunity offers, paying out as the vagaries of the fish demand.

Our captain, after a glance in the direction of the now invisible shore and another toward some fast gathering clouds, incidentally observes, "That devil fish is bound for Mexico."

"Then so are we, captain."

And yet something must be done. To openly suggest cutting the line would expose one to the risk of assassination.

So another turn of the line around the windlass, the bars inserted, and the sloop walked up toward the fish until the parting of one of the strands of the rope warns us we must draw the line of mechanical force somewhere.

But now the back of the monster is again seen near the surface and some thirty feet beyond the bowsprit. Another harpoon is hastily prepared, another thud, flurry, and renewed excitement. Now we have two lines on the windlass. Soon the devil fish is swimming directly under the bow, but with undiminished energy. A great shark hook is soon cast in his cavernous mouth, its heavy chain carried aft and made fast, the big mainsail and jib hoisted, and our bow pointed away from the heavy wind now blowing straight for Estero Bay. We sit upon the stern of the sloop watching the great mouth, the curious horn-like flippers, and the wonderful power and grace of the propeller-like wings, as with off-loosening chain the great fish swims easily after us.

As we reach the entrance to Estero Bay, and are about entering it, our captive suddenly awakens to the possibility that perhaps he is after all not carrying

out his own ideas. His propellers are worked backward, the spray covers us, the commotion in the water is tremendous, and for a moment the result seems doubtful. But wind and sail prevail; it is a dying flurry. Soon we have him anchored as near the shore as six men aided by pulleys can bring him; his broad back (eighteen feet from wing to wing) above the water so that we can safely venture on it. We examine the curious half fish and half leeches which have domiciled themselves upon the back of our victim, and are greedily sucking the wounds made by our rifles. We remove a square yard or so of the tough and raspy-like hide with a view to future slippers, and proceed to sink a shaft through gristle and flesh (bone there is none) into the creature's interior.

It is already sunset, and our caterer invites us to indicate our preferences in the matter of a proposed supper. The firm flesh of the fish with its steaks of bright red and pure white suggests the answer, and we try a gastronomic experiment, which is as successful as we believe it to be unique.—*Forest and Stream.*

Turkeys and Turkey Hunting.

Thousands and thousands of turkeys are required every year to supply the Washington market, writes Ben Perley Poore. They are raised in the mountain regions of Maryland and West Virginia, and driven over the roads in the summer, picking up their living as they go along, until they reach the large tobacco fields, where they are kept for two or three months, and driven through the fields early every morning to eat the tobacco worms. As winter comes on they are cooped up in small pens and fed on corn until they get fat enough for market. The best of them are picked out and sent here a few days before Christmas, for nothing will take the place of a turkey for a Christmas dinner. A goose, duck, capon or chicken will do on Thanksgiving or New Year's, or any other day in the year, but on Christmas everybody of every shade of color must have turkey.

A good many wild turkeys are brought to the Washington market. They used to be quite abundant, but comparatively few are found now, and they are very shy of the gunners. If there is snow on the ground one can see where they drag their great toe along, but they will keep right ahead of a hunter all day. Turkey hunting is very fatiguing but exciting sport. A whistle is used which imitates the cry of the male bird, and if another male bird hears it, he must immediately strut defiantly to the spot, for they are a proud set, tolerating no rivals near their roost. Ben Franklin tried hard to have the wild turkey, which is a proud, pugnacious and gallant bird in life, and which is excellent eating when killed, made the national emblem, instead of the eagle, which lives on carrion, or by stealing young birds when alive, and which no one will eat when killed. A wild cock turkey, with his feathers standing out straight, is far more aristocratic in appearance than a peacock, and it is to be regretted that the race is becoming extinct.

Loss of Life by War.

It has been estimated by Mulhall that the loss of life in the great war of 1793 to 1815 between England and France amounted to 1,900,000 men. Of these the vast proportion were wounded, who never recovered, or men who perished by sickness incident to the war. The entire loss of life by war of the civilized States of the world since 1793 is thus tabulated by Mulhall:

Years.	Loss of Men.
1793 to 1815 England and France.	1,900,000
1828 Russia and Turkey.	120,000
1830 to 1840 Spain and Portugal.	100,000
1830 to 1847 France and Algeria.	110,000
1848 Civil strife in Europe.	90,000
1854 to 1856 Crimean war.	485,000
1859 Franco-Austrian war.	63,000
1861 to 1865 American civil war.	656,000
1866 Austro-Prussian war.	51,000
1866 France and Mexico.	65,000
1864 to 1870 Brazil and Paraguay.	330,000
1870 to 1871 Franco-German war.	240,000
1876 to 1877 Russo-Turkish war.	180,000
Total.	4,470,000

As showing the enormous proportions of waste of life, we further extract a few figures from the "Dictionary of Statistics":

	Men took the field.	Returned home.
Crimean war.	1,480,500	847,880
American war.	2,334,000	2,041,600
Sadowa Campaign.	613,000	524,000
Franco-German war.	1,719,000	869,000

The numbers placed hors de combat in the leading great battles of the world are thus estimated:

Engaged.	Hors de combat.
Thrasymene.	65,000
Cannae.	146,000
Bannockburn.	135,000
Agincourt.	62,000
Cressy.	117,000
Marengo.	58,000
Austerlitz.	170,000
Borodino.	250,000
Waterloo.	145,000
Alma.	108,000
Sadowa.	492,000
Gravelotte.	320,000

Jack Tar's Love Tokens.

Sailors, the most superstitious of men, and oftenest away from Poll or Sue, are great at love tokens. They wear a charm on a silken string around their necks; they tattoo their manly arms with two hearts transfixed by a single arrow, and marked respectively "Jack" and "Molly," and they believe, or pretend to believe, in the magic power of such symbolical union to keep their affections true to their lady loves against all the allurements of alien beauty. Moreover, the keepsake, beside containing as often as possible the hair of the beloved object, is almost always made of the precious metals or precious stones. There is a common though indefinite feeling that it ought to be something rather useless in gold or silver. It remains remotely true, in fact, to its amulet origin. Gold and silver and precious stones are of immense antiquity. Something to hang around your neck on a string; something to wear as a charm on your watch chain; or falling loose, something in the way of necklace, bracelet, brooch, earring—that is the ordinary ideal of the keepsake. The ideal, in short, descends from a time when clothing was scanty, personal ornament was a matter of high importance, barbaric decoration alone was known, and goods and chattels were few and simple. We seldom think of giving as a keepsake anything that cannot be worn about the person.—*Longman's Magazine.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Summing Things.

A farmer is not smart when he sells his pork for a price below the cost of production when he can make it turn him more. Hams and shoulders always bring a good price and so does nicely cured bacon. Home-tried lard will always sell at an advance and everybody likes spare-ribs and headcheese. This includes all of the pig. A Western man would not think of being a small pork packer to the extent of a few pigs, as things are done on such a big scale out there.

It is said a high-backed horse is the one best calculated to ride. And a low-backed one to draw a load. This is the anatomy of it.—*Our Country Home.*

"Fixing" a Grooved Grindstone.

There is no farmer, perhaps, who has not been annoyed at having his grindstone hollowed by careless grinding. In fact, it is almost impossible to grind scythe blades and certain tools without concaving the stone, and when in this condition nothing can be ground with satisfaction. The simplest and most effective way to get such a stone into its proper shape is to grind a dull spade upon it, holding the spade flat and square across the stone at the proper angle for grinding the tool. It will surprise any one to see how quickly and nicely the stone can be leveled down, and when the job is done the spade is sharp. No other implement about the farm will answer for this purpose so well as the spade.

Shrubs.

Have you but few shrubs growing in the "front yard"? If you have plenty of room for them, get more. You can find plenty of desirable kinds described in the catalogues of the florists. I would always advise having the flower-beds at one side, or, at least, in some place where they will not interfere with the making of a smooth, velvety sward between the house and street. In this shrubs can be planted, but do not cut it up for beds, if you can have them anywhere else. If the yard is small, do not scatter many shrubs about it, but plant new kinds along the fences, or in such a position that they do not "clutter up" the expanse which reaches from the front of the house to the gate. Often one or two shrubs will produce a good effect where half a dozen would make everything look crowded, and the general effect would be bad. Shrubs, to produce a good effect, scattered about a yard, want elbow-room. If you can't give it, and desire to add to your collection, set them along the fence, as I have said before, and let them make a sort of hedge or screen. No yard should be without shrubs of some sort, and in some quantity, unless it be of the six-by-ten kind which we see in the cities, sometimes.—*Our Country Home.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

If there is no gain in the stock there is a loss.

Feed the farrow cow, the milk will pay for it.

Feed for gain, not to live, as that is loss. How?

Mutton is cheap. Buy round, fat sheep and corn them a la-beef.

The way to get manure is to make it, and the time to use it is as soon after it is made as practicable.

The real dog needed on the farm is one that will hole a woodchuck at any hour in the day or night and will lay by the hole and watch until he captures his game.

It always pays to select good tools, even if you are obliged to pay a little more for them, as the quality of the work done and their durability will very soon make up for their small additional cost.

Instead of putting fertilizers on the wheat crop to help the grass, the plan should be reversed, and fertilizers of all kinds should be put on the grass a year or two before it is plowed for wheat or corn.

Ordinarily almost anything capable of growing a green leaf is thought good enough to sow to grass, and there are too many cases where, after exhausting the soil by overcropping, it is without more ado sown to grass.

Why should you waste grape-wood and time and labor in handling by making three-eye cuttings when two-eye cuttings will grow as well and make better shape and otherwise as good plants? Only in case of very close-jointed varieties three eyes to the cutting may be preferable.

Never let weeds grow in the pots about your plants. If you do, their unsightliness detracts from the effect of the plant, and they rob the plant of a great deal of nutriment. Keep the soil stirred on the surface. This will prevent weeds from obtaining a foothold, and it will add to the thrift of the plant.

Vines, the wood of which is to be used for cuttings, should not be pruned until you are ready to make the cuttings. Tie them in bundles of fifty and pack them in slightly damp sand, out of the reach of the frost. If in the cellar, it is necessary to guard against excessive moisture and mold. Leave them there until wanted for planting.

The breeding sow should have a comfortable pen during cold weather, but it should not be made so close as to exclude outward air. In the confined, ill-ventilated bed, the pig's health is impaired, and it is all the more likely to catch cold when it ventures out for food. A nearly uniform temperature is more important for the pig than for any other domestic animal, as they have little outward protection.

Tobacco refuse, like the stems, is a powerful and quick-acting fertilizer, particularly rich in mineral elements, and at the same time distasteful to insects. Used liberally as mulch for gooseberries and currant bushes, it generally protects them from the attacks of the troublesome worm. Applied in the same way around squash and other vines in the garden, it has a tendency to keep the striped bug and the squash borer at bay.

In the case of vineyards, the work of pruning and making cuttings can go on at any time when the weather permits. If there is a mere possibility that the vines may be injured by the cold, lay down the tender varieties, or, better, lay them all down. Simultaneously lay the vines

down flat upon the ground and holding them fast there by placing a stone or a little soil on the top is not a troublesome task.

Make sure of the ventilators in your poultry houses, and so arrange that a constant ventilation is going on from within three inches of the floor, and that a trap be also arranged in them near the roof so that when your house is damp and cold, and anchor frost is standing on rafters and roof that you may open the traps for an hour while you burn a kerosene lamp in the house. This will take the dampness all away, when the traps should be again closed. Ventilation is of vast importance in chicken culture.

Household Hints.

TO CLEAN BEDROOM LOOKING-GLASSES.—Wash with a soft sponge dipped in warm soapsuds. Dry carefully with a cloth, and then sprinkle with fine powdered chalk or whiting tied in a piece of muslin, and polish with a leather. Large mirrors may be done in the same way. To give it a better polish before applying the chalk, dip the sponge in clean water and squeeze it out, and then dip it into spirits of wine and rub over the glass. Only take care that the sponge does not touch the frames, if unvarnished; but if varnished they may be cleaned with the spirits of wine as well as the glass. If white spots appear on varnished furniture hot cloths held at some little distance over the part will take them out. Care, of course, must be taken not to scorch them or to injure the surface of the wood. China or glass vessels are best cleaned with the finest fuller's earth. If they have any close-fine powdered charcoal will remove it. If washing with it does not succeed, leave the article with the charcoal in it for a few days.

LINEN THAT HAS TURNED YELLOW.—When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap in a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour, then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water; wash the linen in it and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last. When linen has been scorched, use the following remedy: Add a quart of vinegar, the juice of half a dozen large onions, about an ounce of soap rasped down, a fourth of a pound of fuller's earth, an ounce of lime and one ounce of pearl ash. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and spread some of it on the scorched part. Allow it to remain until dry, then scrape it off and wash. Two or three applications will restore the linen, unless it is so much scorched that the fibre is destroyed. A little pipe clay, dissolved in the water used for washing linen, will clean it thoroughly, with half the amount of soap and a great diminution of labor. The article will be greatly improved in color, and the texture will be benefited.

HOW TO COOK APPLES.—Pleasant as the apple is by itself, it needs assistance in cooking. Its taste requires nearly always to be heightened by other fruity flavors, to be crossed with spices, to be enriched with butter, or to be magnified in contrast with sugars and creams. For the fruity flavor it mixes best with apricots and quinces; a mash or marmalade of either of these is excellent in any of the cooked preparations, and the addition of lemon juice is almost imperative. For spicy additions the old English way was to add cloves to every form of baked apple, but especially to apple-pie; now it is more usual to employ ground cinnamon, and nutmeg, and the zest of either oranges or lemons, are also in favor. Butter, in combination with sugar, gives a peculiar richness to cooked apples; but for the most part it should not be added till the last moment, and not at all if the apples are to be eaten cold. Sugar helps the apple much—even a sweet one—in the process of cooking; but if it is also necessary to add sugar at table, there is more of a flavor that goes well with the apple in some of the best brown sorts than in powdered loaf-sugar. Cream also is generally added at the table, and all the world knows how its blandness contrasts with and brings into relief the fine acid of the fruit. Which of these helps shall be chosen for the apple must be left to individual taste and to the accidents of time and place. They are more or less required for every form of cooked apple. Two words more—the first, that apples, as fast as they are peeled and cut, must be thrown into cold water to keep them white, and lemon-juice will recover their whiteness if they should happen to lose it; the second, that it is always good to follow the Continental plan of dividing cooked apples into two portions—the one to be cooked longer than the other, and reduced to a mash or marmalade. In a pie, for example, place a mash or marmalade of apples at the bottom of the dish, and heap on this the raw slices, which are to be baked enough, but not so much as to lose their solidity.—*London Confectioner.*

An African Paradise.

The Switzerland of Africa, the chief feature of which is the lofty Mount Kilimanjaro, rising some 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, and covered with perpetual snow, though only three degrees south of the equator, lies about 250 miles northwest from Mombasa, and through it runs the natural road to the Victoria Nyanza. Travelers unite in describing the scenery as marvelously lovely, uniting the luxuriance of the tropics with the grandeur of Switzerland. The beautiful vale of Traveta is spoken of as a very Arcadian bower of bliss. Lying 2,400 feet above the sea, seven miles in length by one in breadth, irrigated with cool waters from the melting snows on the mountains, richly cultivated, surrounded by gigantic forest trees rising eighty to 100 feet before branching into a luxuriant canopy, with a profusion of ferns and flowering shrubs of every hue in the intervals, this valley is a very forest haven of refuge. It is entered through a narrow defile, across which are thrown thick barriers of wood, forming an impenetrable defense, zealously guarded, with a single opening for a gate. The inhabitants form a republic, are of mixed origin, and are diligent agriculturists.

The American colony of 3,000 in Paris is said by the shopkeepers to be worth more to them than the 20,000 Germans and 28,000 Italians of the city combined.

EXPLOITS ON THE BORDER.

AN OLD RANCHMAN'S STORIES OF DESPERATE DEEDS.

How the Notorious Ben Thompson Killed Five Men in One Evening—A Mexican's Merited Fate.

"Well, now, you had better believe I have seen some lively times," was the remark of General Henry Smith to an *Enquirer* reporter. The general went to Texas when but a lad, and has accumulated a mint of money in the cattle business. He owns one of the finest ranches in all that broad country, and, although now past the prime of life, is apparently as hale and hearty as many a man thirty years his junior. Fearlessness and determination are depicted in every lineament of his rather handsome, bronzed features, and some remarkable stories are told of his daring achievements in the border State which he calls his home.

"Yes, sir, mighty lively times," he continued. "Now, there was Ben Thompson. Of course you have heard of Ben. Had the reputation, you know, of having made twenty-five or twenty-six different men bite the dust, all in a legitimate way, however—got the drop on 'em, and they never breathed after the ball left his gun. He was killed about three years ago during a fight in a theatre at San Antonio, but several men went with him before he gave up."

"Thompson was a great shot, wasn't he?"

"Umph; a great shot? The greatest I ever saw. He was a dandy little fellow, as strong as a lion and as quick as a flash of lightning. Why, it would make the heart of the average man sick to see how readily he could get out his gun and let it go. Pshaw! he'd pull his gun and fire while any of these other people would be thinking of getting theirs out. And, say, none of them are slow at pulling a gun and shooting!"

"Did you ever witness any of his battles?" asked the reporter.

"Several. I remember one time that three fellows came down to San Antonio from El Paso. They were as tough as they make them, and had not been in town three hours until one of the men had killed a 'good' man. They had heard of Ben, and wanted to find him. Ben also heard of them, and thought that he would have a little fun at their expense. What do you think Ben did? Why, he just went home, dressed himself up for all the world like a dude, with yellow kid gloves and carried a natty gold-headed cane, and sported a dude glass in one eye. Then he went to one of the great public resorts and waited for his men. He did not have to linger very long. Just as he was leaning over the bar, sipping a claret punch, in the mirror in front of him he saw the three men entering the saloon. He affected the airs of a dude more than ever, and in a moment they were onto him. One of them gave him a tremendous whack on the back, and another, pulling his revolver, ordered Thompson to dance. Quick as a flash Thompson turned about, with a gun in each hand, and in a jiffy three men were lying upon the floor stone dead."

"Was he arrested?"

"Oh, no. They couldn't spare the time to arrest that man. Later that evening he strolled into another saloon. As he entered the saloon he saw an old enemy in front of him. He saw the man going for his gun, and at the same instant in the mirror saw another enemy behind him who was also going for his gun. He killed both of those fellows and was uninjured himself. These are just a few samples, you know. I have seen many such battles."

"What about your experience upon the plains?"

"I will never forget one little experience I had. It was during the latter part of the summer, and my men were out watching and rounding up the cattle. I was with them. One day myself and several others, among the number Tom Payne, one of the most desperate men in all of Texas, heard a calf bleating most pitifully. Soon we came upon a Mexican. He had a calf bound and thrown upon the ground, and was cutting off its hide while it was yet alive. Many greasers do that. They claim it makes the meat more tender. It was more than we could stand, and had quite a time to prevent Payne from shooting the fellow. We gave him ten minutes to get out of sight, and you bet he did it. The next day we heard that the greaser had gone to another ranch, the men folks being away, killed a child and her mother. A party of us started in pursuit of the fellow. We caught sight of him mounted upon a fleet horse, and after about an hour's hard ride he took refuge in a chaparral—a clump of mesquite bushes, about one hundred feet in diameter. There he remained. We dared not venture near him, but exchanged shots with him. After about two hundred shots had been fired he ceased to fire. That night we stole up to the bushes and found his dead body stretched out behind that of his horse. An examination showed that he had been shot at least eighty times, that many bullets being found in his body. We made a hole in the ground and buried him right there."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

HEALTH HINTS.

A hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold.

Never prick a blister with a pin. A needle is the only suitable thing.

A fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequently sponging off with soda water.

To test the purity of water, put one and a half pints of the fluid into a clean glass bottle; add to it a teaspoonful of white sugar, cork it, and shake it until the sugar is well dissolved, and then set in a warm place for forty-eight hours. If it is unfit for drinking it will be turbid and milky at that time.

A small piece of resin dipped in water which is placed in a vessel on a stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by a combustion of resin. It is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for wicks.

Arlington Advocate

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Arlington, Jan. 29, 1886.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents
Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Oblique Notices, per line, 10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

Legislative Matters.

The fourth week of the session of 1886 closes with little of general interest making its appearance, though from time to time the debates achieve a sort of spiciness, as was the case on Monday, when a debate unexpectedly sprung up over the adverse report of the election laws committee on repealing the law which forbids the counting of ballots before the polls are closed. Mr. Tierney of Salem moved to recommit, with instructions to give a hearing. Mr. Flynn of Boston, for the committee, opposed the motion because the matter had been heard. Only two persons had presented themselves, and the committee was unanimous. Mr. Walker of Lynn said that the precinct officers who count the votes become nervous under the pressure upon them to count rapidly and make frequent mistakes. Even bright men would count incorrectly under such circumstances. Mr. Upham of Salem urged that some people desired to be heard, and an opportunity should be given. Mr. Davenport of Marlboro, of the committee, urged that it would be useless, to recommit, for they were united in opposition to the proposed repeal. Without a count, the motion to recommit was lost. On Wednesday, in the House, the first petition came in for a Prohibitory law, the signers being the officers of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the language of the petition being as follows:—

The Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in behalf of its 170 auxiliaries, representing 6000 members, pray that you will pass for reference and submission to the people an amendment to the constitution of this Commonwealth prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

On the same day the Committee on Banks and Banking reported inexpedient on the question of requiring savings banks to change their Treasurers once in five years, and an order was adopted relative to making the same provision for women as for men in the registration of voters.

The Committee on Election Laws has decided to repeal that portion of the naturalization bill of 1885 which requires an interval of thirty days between the taking out of first papers and the registration of a naturalized voter.

On Thursday Senator Dunbar secured the adoption of an order requiring that the abstracts of the census showing the number of legal voters in the several cities and towns in the Commonwealth be referred to a joint special committee to consist of eight senators and twenty-four representatives, and that said committee report a new division of the Commonwealth into conncillor and senatorial districts, and a new apportionment of representatives to the several counties for the ensuing ten years.

There were two meetings of temperance workers, representatives of different organizations in the State, one Tuesday, on being held in Boston and the other at Winchester. The latter was a decided success in unity of purpose and was calculated to inspire the delegates to more earnest work in their several lines. The withdrawal of the organizations represented from the State Reform Club is apparently permanent, as those present voted to hold another convention at Natick in April. To correct the wrong impression given by reporters to the city papers, we would say that Mr. C. S. Parker did not speak for the Arlington Reform Club. He was present as a spectator, and on special invitation of the president of the convention spoke briefly of the Red Ribbon movement and its methods.

New York has now turned to Congress for help in erecting the monument to Gen. Grant and a proposition to appropriate \$500,000 has been reported favorably, provided New York shall raise one half this amount. This kills the project, unless outsiders make it up.

It stormed all day Monday, during which time we had all the gradations of winter weather,—severe cold, snow, moderating and ending in hail, rain and sleet. The total snow fall was but a few inches, though the storm lasted all day.

Mr. Henry P. Kidder, head of the great banking house of Kidder, Peabody & Co., of Boston, died in New York Thursday. He was a victim to pneumonia and his sickness was very brief.

Collision—Providential Escape.

Last Monday morning there was a collision of two trains on the Boston & Lowell railroad, near the Boston station, which must have resulted in a fearful destruction of life but for an interposing Providence, for a second earlier it must have occurred where nothing could have prevented cars crowded with people being precipitated into the deep river at the draw-bridge. We do not wonder that many passengers turned faint when they realized the danger from which they had escaped. That no lives were lost as it is, seems almost miraculous. The accident occurred just over the draw, about 300 feet from the depot, and was caused by the shifting engine "Leopard," drawing empty cars, being run into by the seven o'clock train from Lowell, drawn by the engine "Stoneham." It seems that the engine Leopard, in charge of Engineer John Holland, was engaged in switching cars, and had started out on one of the main lines from the depot with four empty passenger cars attached. As it neared the switch on the drawbridge a dense cloud of smoke from his locomotive and one on a neighboring track obscured his vision, and he could not see ahead. The fireman of the Leopard, however, on looking ahead, saw the 7 o'clock Lowell train, due in Boston at 8.10 o'clock, close upon them. To warn Holland, and then jump from the engine, followed by the engineer, was but the work of a moment. Hardly had they touched the ground before the collision came. The Lowell train was drawn by the locomotive Stoneham, with engineer Cyrus Chaplin and fireman James Underwood in charge. The two locomotives cleared each other, but the Stoneham struck the first car of the "switcher," the force of which threw the Leopard against the inward train.

The baggage car of the latter struck the left hand corner of the Leopard's cab, tearing it completely from its fastenings and making kindling wood of it. At the same time the running gear of the Leopard was so twisted and warped as to render it entirely useless. The force of the collision detached the switcher from the four cars in the rear and made kindling wood of the cab, bending the pipes and breaking the steam gages, piston rods and the rear truck of the tender to the switcher. The first car in the rear of the switcher was No. 82, and both of the trucks on this car were thrown from the track and detached from the car, leaving the car upon the track in the shape of a pile of half broken kindling.

The second car, No. 50, was worse wrecked, as it was thrown directly across Nos. 1 and 2 tracks on the draw, with the rear trucks in a very precarious condition, as they were apparently about to fall into the stream. The inward train was made up of six cars, including a baggage car, and was drawn by the engine Stoneham, No. 38, and the cars contained nearly 400 passengers. The Stoneham was badly smashed in front, and the cowcatcher and protector to the boiler were ruined. Conductor Farrar had charge of the inward train and to a reporter he said: "The steam from the outward train was so thick we could see nothing as we were crossing the bridge, and the first I realized of the collision was the sudden shock, which nearly threw me off my feet, and the next thought that came to my mind was our immediate proximity to the water, and I flew out to reconnoitre."

Some six cars, all told, were more or less damaged, including the forward ones on the in train. The cars on the empty train, of course, fared the worst, but as they were old ones the damage will be comparatively small. The passengers on the in train were obliged to walk to Boston, while those on following trains were let out at East Cambridge, where they took the horse cars for the city. About noon an outward track was cleared sufficiently to admit of passage, and then in a comparatively short time the tracks were cleared, so that before nightfall the trains were running quite regularly. This was largely due to Supt. Mellen, who was a passenger on the inward train and at once set matters in motion to clear the road. It is not necessary to say "somebody blundered." The signals could not have been right for both trains, and it remains to be proved who was responsible for the accident. No train has a right to go into or out of the depot without proper signal, and no "supposing I was all right" will excuse an engineer for moving his engine in either direction. He must know he is right, then go ahead.

The true solution of the labor question lies in the success of the temperance reform. Banish whiskey and beer from the land and it will be impossible for capital to oppress labor, or for the capitalists to deprive the workingman of his just rights. One industrious, temperate, clear-headed laboring man represents more of the real wealth and stability of the government than a hundred who spend their time and earnings for drink, and more than all the combined rascals in the land.

There is a vast difference between a drinking club organized for the special purpose of evading the license law and a social club. The social clubs are in one sense a necessity in every large city. If the proposition to require all clubs to procure a license for the sale of liquors is absolutely necessary in order to close up "drinking clubs," the members of respectable social clubs will scarcely refuse to meet the impost in view of the great good that will result to the community. The drinking club is a nuisance and worse than an open bar.

Amusements.
Last Sunday evening Mr. Wm. H. Baldwin, President of the Boston Y. M. C. Union, gave an address in the main hall of the Union in which he discussed this important topic. After speaking of the imperative need of it, the speaker continues as follows:—
Amusements may be innocent, pure and elevating, or they may be pernicious, impure and leading to serious influences and evils. The human character is elevated by healthful pleasure, by high toned amusements and entertainments, and such should be advocated by the pulpit, and all moral and religious educators. A short time since, said the speaker, I met one of our prominent and highly esteemed citizens, of more than three score years and ten, and in reply to my expression of hope that he was well he said, "No, my friend I am in poor health, I am now paying for the greatest mistake of my lifetime. I have been too devoted to my amusement. No rest, no recreation, no amusements, no entertainments. Had I taken proper time for these I should not be in my present condition. Yes, I have made a great mistake."

The theatre is the objective point of attack by those who are opposed to public amusements. The drama will without doubt, continue to exist, and it is the duty of the church not to condemn the drama, but to aim for its elevation. It is the duty of the clergy and laity to demand wholesome and instructive plays and to always frown down and condemn every thing which is low, impure, vulgar, profane; the presentation of instructive and elevating plays may be encouraged, but let all others be presented to empty seats. Business men, professional and others, in this driving, busy age, must have amusement and recreation else the brain will not remain healthy and strong. Haste, push, drive seem to be the watchwords of the age in which we live. In the last conversation I had, said Mr. Baldwin, with the late highly esteemed Dr. E. H. Clarke he spoke very strongly of the need of the American people taking more time for recreation and amusement, and of the dangerous habit of allowing so little time for meals as with too many people. He gave the following incident: A gentleman in this city called at the office of a business man at about one o'clock. His partner remarked, "He is out," but taking his watch in his hand he said, "he will be back in just seven minutes."

Marriages.

In Arlington, Jan. 8, by Rev. Edward B. Mason, Clarence M. Blodgett, of Malden, and Sadie Phillips, of Arlington.
In Arlington, Jan. 22, by Rev. Edw. B. Mason, Theodore Lyman, of Hartford, Conn., and Miss Laura M. Ball, of Arlington.
There are proper times and places for healthful, high-toned amusements, and there are times when they should be laid aside. Amusements, games, sports of all kinds should always, under any and all circumstances, be abstained from on Sunday. This rule cannot be too strongly enforced by the young, as well as by those who have reached mature years. The Sunday should always be regarded as a day of rest from the busy cares and the social activities and amusements of the other six days of the week. It should always be welcomed in a bright, cheerful way, not in sadness and with a downcast look, but with joy and gladness. It is the day specially set apart for the young and old to meet in their respective churches for the public worship of God, a day for parents, children, friends to enjoy together the home and its social, friendly associations; a day of which a portion may be passed in reasonable, quiet recreation; but not a day for public or private amusements, or for games and sports—whether in-doors or out-of-doors, in summer or winter, in the city, country or at the seashore, in Boston, New Orleans, London, Paris, or wherever perchance we may be.

Deaths.
In Arlington, Jan. 25, Esther, wife of Thomas Doherty, aged 40 years.
In Arlington, Jan. 28, Flavilla H. P. Rackliffe, aged 7 years.
In Mt. Vernon, Vt., Mark A. Richardson, aged 67 years, 4 months, 26 days. Funeral at the house Friday, at 2 p. m.

Special Notices.
\$25.00 REWARD.
A Reward of Twenty-five dollars is hereby offered by the Town of Arlington for the detection and conviction of the person or persons who damaged several of the street lamps on the night of Wednesday, the 20th of January, 1886. A Reward of fifty dollars will be paid for information that shall secure the conviction of any one implicated in breaking street lamps and injuring lamp posts in the future.

GEORGE D. TUTTLE, Selectionmen
JAMES A. MARDEN,
of CHARLES T. SCANNELL, of Arlington.
Arlington, Jan. 25, 1886.

COMING!

Town Hall, Arlington,
Wednesday Ev'g, Feb. 3,
under the management of the
Six Odd Associates of Arlington,
Jas. A. Marden, J. H. Richardson,
Geo. L. Pierce, C. W. Bailey,
C. S. Richardson, R. P. Puffer.

THE FAMOUS PARK

CONCERT COMPANY

OF BOSTON.

This brilliant combination is recognized throughout the country as the Strongest Concert Organization now before the public. They are true artists, and each member is a musician of thorough training and experience. The company embraces
MISS ANNIE A. PARK, Cornet, Violoncello and Zither.
MISS NELLIE C. PARK, Alto Horn, Viola and Zither.
MISS GEORGE T. PARK, Cornet, Violin and Crystal Chimes.
MR. JOHN F. PARK, Cornet and Violoncello and Violin.
MISS KATIE BELL PARK, Cornet and Flower Pots.
MISS ADA LOWE PARK, Cornet and Bass Drum.
MAST. GEORGE PARK, Baritone and Snare Drum.

Admission, 35 cents.
Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
To be had of the Six Odd Associates. Doors open at 7; concert at 7.45.

By HICHOEN & CO., Auctioneers,
63 Court St., Boston. Established, 1838.

Assignee's Sale, IN ARLINGTON.

Will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass., on TUESDAY, Feb. 24, 1886, at 2.30 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title and interest which William H. Kimball, insolvent debtor, had on the 27th day of June, 1885, in and to the following real estate, consisting of a large Modern Dwelling House, Barn, and about one acre of Land, located on said Avenue, within seven minutes' walk of Post Office, railroad station, churches and schools; within five minutes' walk of horse cars; good neighborhood, high and healthy location; very desirable suburban residence for Boston business man. Twenty-four trains on the Boston & Lowell R. R., each way. Sale payable to the highest bidder. \$200 cash at sale; balance within ten days. Cars leave Boston & Lowell R. R. at 1.30 o'clock, P. M.

Full particulars of the assignee or auctioneers.
JOHN P. WYMAN, Jr.,
39 Court street, Boston, Room 3. Jan 25 30

TO LET!

The pleasant, sunny house formerly occupied by the late Dr. Currier, on Muzzey street, Lexington, having nine rooms and an excellent cellar. Has a supply of water from Water Co.'s pipes and large cisterns. House in good order. For particulars, apply to Leonard A. Saville or John D. Bacon, Lexington.

In his speech before the Norfolk Club, Col Wright suggests as one way to maintain her manufacturing supremacy, for New England to proceed manufacture the higher grades of goods for which she now depends on Europe. The coarser fabrics are being produced in the West and South, and New England is gradually losing her hold upon them. Let them have these grades and welcome, and let New England factories take a step in advance. This is the evolution of manufacture, and seems to be a plausible plan. There is skill enough here, and machines can be procured, and there is no reason why the finer fabrics may not be produced at home. This new branch would require protection, as the goods in question are produced at starvation wages by the European workers, and our working people could not and should not be expected to compete with them.

The story which Mr. Henry H. Faxon tells in a recent circular of the trouble and expense attending prosecutions of violators of the license law, is calculated to discourage some, perhaps, but is certainly valuable as showing the laws to be all right when applied vigorously and persistently and that the time has come when prosecuting officers of the government should no longer be elected, but ought to be appointed, as are our judges. The story as told shows Mr. Faxon to be a man of true courage.

The hearing in the division of Medford matter is set down for Tuesday, Feb. 2, at the State House.

There seems small doubt but that there is a severe famine again in Ireland.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sarah E. Hardy and Rodney J. Hardy, husband of said Sarah E., both of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Field, of said Arlington, dated the first day of December, A. D. 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1133, fol. 1, which mortgage was duly assigned to Harriet S. Cadby by assignments recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on TUESDAY, the ninth day of February, A. D. 1886, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, to-wit:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the northwesterly side of Pleasant Street, in said Arlington, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—beginning at the easterly corner of said lot, on Pleasant Street, at the northwesterly corner of the Congregational Society, and running southwest by said Pleasant Street seven rods to land now or late of F. H. Whittemore; thence northwesterly by said land now or late of said Whittemore and land of the Orthodox Congregational Society aforesaid to Pleasant Street at the point begun at, containing one acre more or less. Being the estate conveyed said Sarah E. Hardy by deed of Sarah A. B. Field and John Field of this date. \$500 to be paid at the time and place of sale.

HARRIET S. CADBY,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

WANTED!

AGENTS, in Arlington and Lexington, for our improved HAND FIRE EXTINGUISHER. It is the most practical and cheapest in the market, simple and effective, always ready for instant use. It is a first class article and we want First Class agents, to whom we offer reasonable inducements. Call, or address, at our office, CHEMICAL HAND FIRE PUMP CO., 22Jan3w 15 Oliver Street, Boston.

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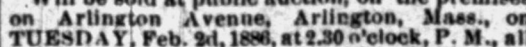
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Mortgagee's Sale

Real Estate.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Arthur L. Scott to Francis E. Hallard, dated November 19, 1881, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1181, fol. 371, for breach of condition and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, February 15, 1886, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, to-wit:—A certain piece or parcel of land situated in Lexington, in said County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning on Hancock Avenue at the northwesterly corner of the premises; thence running south easterly on said Hancock Avenue thirty five feet to land now or formerly of John L. Norris; thence turning and running southwesterly along said land now or formerly of said Norris two hundred and seventy-six feet to the land of the Middlesex Railroad Company; then turning and running northerly along said Middlesex Railroad Company's land seventy-seven feet, more or less, to the line of lands conveyed to the grantor by said John L. Norris by deed dated Sept. 29, 1873; thence running northerly along the last mentioned line two hundred and seven and one-half feet to the point of beginning, be the said measurements more or less being the same premises conveyed to the said Arthur L. Scott by the said John L. Norris by deed dated April 13, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Lib. 1306, fol. 192. Terms at time and place of sale.

FRANCIS E. BALLARD,
Mortgagee.

Lexington, January 19, 1886. 22Jan4w

By HOLBROOK & FOX, Auctioneers and Real Estate Agents, 12 Post Office Sq., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sarah E. Hardy and Rodney J. Hardy, husband of said Sarah E., both of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John Field, of said Arlington, dated the first day of December, A. D. 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1133, fol. 1, which mortgage was duly assigned to Harriet S. Cadby by assignments recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on TUESDAY, the ninth day of February, A. D. 1886, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, to-wit:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the northwesterly side of Pleasant Street, in said Arlington, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—beginning at the easterly corner of said lot, on Pleasant Street, at the northwesterly corner of the Congregational Society, and running southwest by said Pleasant Street seven rods to land now or late of F. H. Whittemore; thence northwesterly by said land now or late of said Whittemore and land of the Orthodox Congregational Society aforesaid to Pleasant Street at the point begun at, containing one acre more or less. Being the estate conveyed said Sarah E. Hardy by deed of Sarah A. B. Field and John Field of this date. \$500 to be paid at the time and place of sale.

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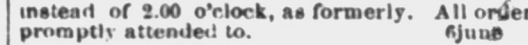
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W. W. TUFTS, M. D.,

Court Street,

WEST MEDFORD NEWS.

BLOCKING THE WHEELS.—The meeting of last Saturday evening convened in Medford Town Hall in response to the somewhat frantic appeal of the committee elected to oppose the setting up of the new township, was a large one and the speakers ably presented all there is of argument against the proposed division. But really there is no argument. The village has grown to more than the proportions of an average town, has within its own limits all the branches of business usually found in towns, and as is the case where a young man has reached his majority, the ambition to have a separate establishment is a proper and laudable one. Interests may step in to retain the young man at home, but there is no law to prevent the separation and no argument not based on self interest can be placed against it. Beyond peradventure it is for the interest of those residing in West Medford to be established as a separate township. Medford proper would not be human did she not strive earnestly to hinder such a withdrawal of taxable property and a population which would remove her a long way down in the column of large towns. The arguments of the speakers and the feeling of the meeting is outlined in the following digest of the resolutions passed:—

The resolutions adopted solemnly protest against the proposed division of the town as unnecessary, unwise and unwarranted, as the proposed division is sought only by the residents of the wealthiest and geographically best situated section of the town, and is opposed by the residents of all the other sections; that, of the 2743 acres of land available for dwelling or commercial purposes, 1296 are included within the limits of the proposed town of Brooks, while only about one-fourth of the population there resides; that, if the new town should be incorporated as proposed, one-fourth of the population of Medford will take with them nearly one-half of its available land, more than one-fourth of its valuation and three eighths of its school buildings, but will leave to the remaining portion of the town the care and expense of all the water mains and of more than two-thirds of the accepted streets; that the incorporation of said new town will leave the business centre and most densely populated portion of the town of Medford upon its western boundary, while the northern will be distant two miles, and eastern and southern each distant one and one-half miles from the business centre. For the reasons aforesaid, on account for our love for the old town and its traditions, our recollection of the honest and efficient manner in which its affairs have been conducted, and our knowledge of its probable future development and necessities, and because we believe that the General Court will, on full knowledge of the facts, refuse, on grounds of public policy, to dismember against the protests of a great majority of its citizens, an old and historic town, and to incorporate, within five miles of Boston, a small town, where one family will own one-fifth of all the available building land and pay one-third of all its taxes, we again protest against the most unjust and unnecessary scheme.

One of the speakers alluded to this section as being a "refuge for tax-dodgers." We have all heard of "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire" and if any person is foolish enough to jump into our town, with its history for taxation in his face, he should get burned. Seriously, we think he was joking, for it is well known that a very large proportion of our citizens pay, like the speaker himself, only a poll-tax, and those who naturally would "dodge" stand up like men and pay their tax whether it is \$19.60 per thousand, which is enough to pay the bills for the year or \$14, which is not enough. Pray, friends, do not ring any more changes on the tax-dodging business.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
STATE HOUSE,
Boston, Jan. 21, 1886.
The Committee on Towns will give a hearing to parties interested in the petition of Henry Hastings and others of Medford, for the division of the town and incorporation of a new town, in the State House, on Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
H. W. PHILLIPS, Chairman,
CHARLES F. JENNEY, Clerk of the Committee

Although the night was very stormy and not calculated to draw a full house, there was a good attendance and fully as large as was expected had the night been pleasant, at the third concert given by the Elmwood Musical Society on Friday evening of last week in Brooks Hall. The talent presented on this occasion to assist the club, was the Schumann Lullaby Quartette, which is composed of Etta May Hunt, Addie L. Clapp, Lizzie M. Hopkins, and Lena Hinkley, who rendered four selections during the evening with a good voice. Mr. Willie Clark conducted his chorus with his usual skill and excellence and the result was most pleasing and satisfactory, as the chorus never sang better; indeed they sang especially well, all being in good voice, which resulted in pure harmony. Interest had been especially displayed in the singing of Miss Hunt and she rewarded her friends in singing her solo part with exceptional skill and excellence and received hearty encores. Miss Hunt finely rendered her solos, as did of course, Mr. Clark, who is always warmly received by an audience. Both received encores. Mr. J. W. Conant presided at the piano as accompanist for the chorus as well as the other parts. He executed his duties in a thoroughly competent manner, and in his solo number revealed a fine touch and added power and expression, showing great improvement and progress since his previous public appearance. The audience gathered showed their heartiest pleasure and appreciation of the programme presented by the club, and expressed the same by continued applause during the evening. A pleasing and novel feature was the whistling of the last verse of the selection "The Happy Peasants," by the club. The following is the programme in full:—Chorus, "Hail to thee, Liberty," by Rossini, Elmwood

Club; quartette, "Cheerfulness," by Neumann, Schumann quartette; song, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Hullah, Mr. Clark; chorus, with solo, "Oh for the wings of a dove," by Mendelssohn, solo by Miss Hopkins; quartette, serenade, by Schubert, Schumann quartette; song "Forever and Forever," by Cowen, Etta May Hunt; chorus, "The Happy Peasants," by Schumann; quartette, "Cuckoo," by Rittig, Schumann quartette; piano solo, "Tales from the Vienna Woods," (arranged by Julie Rive King) by Strauss, Mr. Conant; song, "Charlie Macree," by Dow, Miss Hopkins; quartette, "Lady Bird," by Cowen, Schumann quartette; chorus "Triumphal March," by Costa.

The citizens of Medford do well to place Gen. Lawrence at the head of their committee to "preserve Old Medford." His "Old Medford" is the first thing that greets the visitor, which "can be seen with the nose" on the darkest night.

There was a private dance at Medford on the evening of the 29th. A few persons from this village participated. We understand, it was quite a select and elegant affair.

A party of thirty ladies of this village engaged Duncklee's boat sleigh and enjoyed a sleigh ride on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Cordell, the instructress of the dancing class, invited her pupils to participate in the assembly given for her class of Charlestown, on Friday evening, January 29th.

The scholars of the dancing class are talking of some assemblies to be given later. There are seven more lessons before the close of the winter's work.

On Tuesday evening, at the Unitarian church, there was presented, before a good audience, a most attractive programme, composed of music and reading. The parts were sustained in a manner to give pleasure to all. We give the programme in full, as follows:—"Filar of Orders Gray," Mr. Karl Hackett; "The Widow's Light," Miss Louise A. Derdenger; "Forever and Forever," by Cowen; Etta May Hunt; "Curse Scene from 'Leah the Forsaken,'" Miss Derdenger; duett, "See the Pale Moon," by Campana. Etta May Hunt and Mr. Hackett; "The Three Horsemen," Mr. Hackett; "Meriky's Conversion," Miss Derdenger.

On Saturday last, while drawing a well filled coal cart belonging to Mr. Ober, the horse slipped and fell, overturning the contents of the cart on his back, but escaped injury. The shafts of the cart were snapped off.

Extensive repairs and alterations are in progress at the popular livery stable of Mr. Duncklee, on Harvard street. An addition is being made which will increase the capacities of the stable almost double what they now are.

The Elmwood Club now enters on the second half of the rehearsals in the series arranged for this season, and with enthusiasm and considerably increased membership. Tickets are now being issued for the fifteen rehearsals at the low rate of \$1.00. There will be given three concerts, the first one to occur in about two weeks. This organization has done excellent work and is giving much pleasure to many and deserves the patronage of all. The rehearsals will be the same as usual, on Friday evening.

"Shall Medford, founded in 1630, be divided in 1886?" We hope so, certainly. Then, when our hopeful and cleanly village is named to a stranger, we shall no longer hear him reply, "Medford, Medford? Oh yes, named after Old Medford Rum."

The next entertainment to be given by the Elmwood musical society, will consist of a musical programme and an exhibition of well-known pieces of statuary. This last is a novel and unique idea, and all must see it to appreciate it.

The staging which has for many weeks concealed the front of Kakas Block, the new building on the corner of High and Warren streets, has been removed and reveals a most attractive appearance, and is a great improvement to the street. The entrance to the stores is in the corner of the building and the arrangement and appearance is most pleasing and convenient. The building is most rapidly reaching completion.

The next lecture at the Congregational church will be given by Rev. R. B. Howard, who will lecture on the topic "What I saw at Gettysburg," which is one of interest and will doubtless draw a full house.

Mr. Hervey is too interested a party to pass judgment on the separation question. Those favoring the movement are not "there own worst enemies."

There was a meeting of the separation committee, at Mr. Barret's house, last Tuesday evening, the particulars of which we are unable to ascertain.

West Medford is to be well represented at the ball in the Town Hall, this (Friday) evening.

The lecture by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, which was to have been delivered in the Congregational church last Monday, was postponed on account of the weather.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.
For \$2.00 we will send you a copy of the Village Gazette and the Yankee Blade, one year, to any address in the United States, free of postage. The regular subscription price of The Blade alone is \$2.00 a year. If you order before Feb. 1st, we will send you a copy of the Village Gazette, and to those who may be

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Boston at 6.09, 6.25, 6.45, 6.56, 7.14, 7.36, 8.04, 8.35, 8.53, 9.14, 9.36, 10.36, 11.36, a. m. 12.11, 12.53, 1.17, 1.26, 2.21, 2.50, 3.03, 3.36, 4.21, 5.36, 6.51, 10.49, p. m. Sunday, 9.21, 9.47, a. m. 12.14, 2.14, 2.51, 4.51, 5.17, 6.14, 6.51, p. m.
Boston for West Medford, 7.00, 7.45, 8.10, 9.10, 9.20, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30, a. m. 12.10, 1.15, 1.40, 2.00, 2.30, 3.10, 3.55, 4.10, 4.45, 5.10, 5.40, 5.50, 6.15, 6.40, 7.15, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.15, p. m. Sunday, 9.00, 10.15, a. m. 12.45, 1.00, 1.05, 4.00, 5.00, 5.30, 10.15, p. m.

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LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at 7.55, a. m.; 1.30, 4.30, p. m.; Sunday 12.50, p. m. Return at 8.32, a. m.; 12.30, 4.45, p. m.; Sunday 9.50 a. m., 3.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7.55, a. m.; 1.30, 4.30, p. m.; Sunday 12.50, p. m. Return at 8.40, a. m.; 12.37, 4.52, p. m.; Sunday 9.02 a. m., 3.36, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6.45, 7.55, 10.25, a. m.; 1.30, 3.45, 4.30, 6.10, 6.30, 10.05, 11.25, p. m. Sunday at 6.45, 7.55, 10.05, 11.25, p. m. Return at 5.56, 10.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.15 p. m.

Return at 5.56, 10.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.15 p. m. Sunday at 5.56, 10.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.15 p. m.

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The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes.
The swallows go darting through fragrant
rains,
Then all of a sudden—it snows.
Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know Winter is gone—by the
flowers,
We only know Winter is come—by the snow.
—T. B. Aldrich.

THE WRECKERS.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

Speaking about sharks, alligators, pirates and such, may be I can interest you in an adventure which occurred so recently that all the particulars are yet fresh in my mind.

I am a sailor man, and I am as honest as the general run of them. I was in New Orleans, knocking around for a berth, when one day on the levee, at the foot of Canal street, a man with a blink to his left eye seems to take a great shine to me. He invites me to drink with him and to join him at dinner, and, when he believes the time to be ripe, he says: "You look like an honest chap, and I don't deny that I've taken a liking to you. How would you like to ship with my captain?"

"And who may your captain be?" I asked.

"Captain McCall, of the schooner *Glance*, and I'm saying to you that a better man never gave orders from the quarterdeck, and that a better vessel than the *Glance* was never put together."

"And what may be the voyage?"

He looks hard at me a long time before replying, and then draws down his left eye and whispers: "Come aboard and see the captain. He'll be glad to shake hands and tell you all about it."

I must own to my confusion that I am a drinking man, as most sailors are, and that this chap with a blink to his eye had me half-seas over before we left the saloon. We had another drink or two before reaching the schooner, and when we went aboard I was in no condition to judge of men or things. I remember of meeting three or four men and of drinking again, and then all memory was gone. When I came to my senses the schooner was in the Gulf of Mexico, heading almost north, and the hour was 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Stiff and sore, and thoroughly frightened to find myself at sea, I crawled out of the close and ill-smelling fore-cabin and made my way on deck. The crew were all there, including the captain. There were five white men, two negroes, and I made the eighth man. There was a light breeze from the southeast, and an island was in sight off to the northwest. A single look satisfied me that we were headed for Chaudelaur Bay, on the Mississippi coast.

I was greeted in a pleasant fashion by the men, and the captain beckoned me into his cabin, poured out a stiff glass of grog, and said:

"You'll feel better after drinking it. It's good grog that puts heart into a sailor man."

"Will you tell me what schooner this is, and how I came to be aboard of her?" I asked, never minding his soft ways and the liquor he had placed under my nose.

"Why, man, have you gone clean daff?" he calls out. "You came to me for a berth on the *Glance*, and I, Captain McCall, signed you for a trip to Santa Rosa island and return. You were sober enough when you signed articles. Come, down with the grog, and wish us a successful voyage."

"Captain McCall, I never signed with you!" I says, looking him straight in the eye. "And if you are bound to the north-east, why are you holding to the north?"

"Tut, tut, man! I am not used to such talk aboard this vessel. Go on deck and do your duty, and if you dare talk mutiny I'll put a bullet through your head."

With that I turned and left him, and to say that I was in a rage would hardly describe my feelings. My sailor's instinct had shown me that I was on a wrecker, and such wreckers are no better than pirates. I had been duped aboard to make up the complement of men, and if they discovered that I was not hand and heart with them they'd have little hesitation in taking my life.

I went forward to the bows, and presently the mate joined me. He was the man with the blink in his eye, and I laid all the trouble to him. He spoke very softly, but I was so bold and bitter that he soon flew mad and abused me in the foulest manner, and finally ordered me on watch under pain of being placed in irons. It would have been foolish to resist, and I took my place among the men and turned to for duty.

The schooner held on, passing between the East and West Chaudelaur islands about dark, and holding to the north. Soon after night the wind fell, and finally there was a dead calm. We were then opposite the Middle Chaudelaur, and only four or five miles away, and as there was a current setting us to the east the anchor was let go, an anchor watch set, and the rest of the crew were privileged to turn in. The captain and mate retired to their staterooms, and, as the night was pleasant, the rest of us held the deck. As I stowed away myself forward for a smoke and a think, one of the white men came over to me in a rather cautious way, bunked down beside me, and whispered:

"Come, comrade, the better face you put on the matter, the better it will be for you. There's no question but they made you drunk to get you off this voyage, and as for your signing articles, that's all bosh."

"What sort of a voyage is it?"

"For what we can pick up."

"And what made you ship?"

"Well, I was obliged to dodge the law for a scrape I got into at Mobile."

"I shall leave her at the first chance."

"That's your lay; but keep quiet. The captain and mate are bad men, and won't stop at murder to hush your talk. If there is a chance for a break depend upon me to go with you."

"How far to the north do we go?"

"We shall cruise among the islands, and perhaps along the Alabama coast. Take my advice and do duty and keep your eyes open."

With that he left me, and after finishing my pipe I slept until about 2 o'clock

in the morning, when we got a slant of wind from the Gulf, and the mate called us to up anchor and make sail. We crept along at a slow pace, and about sunrise had the Big Chaudelaur island under our beam. During the afternoon we ran down to the northern end and came to anchor within a few fathoms of a coasting schooner, which was then lying a wreck on the rocks within a stone's throw of the beach. Her masts were gone, bulwarks stove, and the beach was covered with wreckage. It was plain that she had come ashore in a gale, but in the tail end of it, and the sea had not broken her up.

Long enough before we came to anchor, although I was at the wheel of the *Glance*, I saw a man on the wreck making signals. It seemed to me that the captain and mate placed themselves purposely in my line of vision, to prevent my seeing the man, and we had not yet begun to take in sail when the mate took the wheel, and the captain sent me into the hold to look up some spare oars for the yawl. I was rummaging around down there for half an hour, the oars being only a pretence to keep me off the deck, and when the captain finally called me up the sails were down, the anchor in the water, and several of our men were aboard the wreck, having taken our yawl to convey themselves across the space.

I was not allowed to go aboard of the wreck, but was ordered to remain on the schooner to help receive cargo which the others broke out. The yawl presently made her first trip, bringing a load of ropes, chains, and sails, and these trips were continued at intervals all day. When they came to break out cargo the yawl brought us flour, hardware, groceries, and clothing, some damaged and some in good shape, and the mate bore a hand to help us on the schooner.

There was no knocking off for dinner, and from the way the men were rushed it was plain that the captain feared discovery and was in a hurry to get everything out of the wreck and be off.

We had a bite to eat as we worked, and at sunset we were pecked for supper. This we ate on our decks, and my friend of the night before, who gave me his name as Bill, planned to take a seat near me. I had worked hard and without grumbling, and captain and mate no longer felt suspicious of me, or at least showed no signs of it. There was an opportunity now for a few words with the man Bill, and I asked him if it was a case of salvage.

"Wuss'n that!" he whispered back.

"Wasn't there a man—one of the crew—on the wreck when we first came up?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"Knocked on the head and thrown to the sharks!"

"Do you mean that he was murdered?"

"That's just it, matey! While you were below the captain and mate rowed off to the wreck. We all saw a man aboard, but none of us have seen him since. Had he been allowed to live on it would have been a case of salvage. With him dead, what's to prevent our captain from owning all he can get."

"And you talk as coolly as if only a dog had been thrown overboard?"

"Hush! If there is the least show for escape I'm off with you this very night! No more now—we are watched!"

After supper the yawl was sent off again, and we worked until about 11 o'clock. Two-thirds of the cargo had been transferred, and our captain meant to hang right by until he had secured everything or a shift of weather drove him away. There had been a fair breeze all day and it still held, coming from the south-east. There was doubtless a smart surf on the other side of the island, but on our side the water was quiet enough.

When the crew turned in the man Bill was left on deck as an anchor watch. The man lopped down on deck, some without a thing between them and the planks, and in half an hour their snores were hearty and continuous. Then I cautiously rose up and joined Bill. The yawl was towing astern, with the oars on the thwart, and I was determined on escape. To my surprise I found him eager and anxious to go with me.

While captain and mate both appeared asleep, we dared take no risks. If we got away in the boat it must be bare-handed. Any attempt to look up water, provisions, and the mast and sail might upset our whole plan.

While Bill walked the deck whistling to himself, I drew the yawl under the stern and slid down the painter. In a minute or two he came after me, and then cut the rope and pushed us off. We at once began to float to the northwest, and in a quarter of an hour were out of sight of the schooner. It would not do to use the oars yet, however, and we were waiting to increase our distance, when all of a sudden the waters around us grew alive with sharks. I have sailed in those seas and have seen a sailor's share of sharks, but never before nor since did I witness such a congregation of the voracious monsters. They seemed determined on destroying us, and every minute dealt the boat such thumps that we looked to see the planks crushed in. They jumped half their length out of the water at the gunwale of the boat, and twice the head of a shark rested on the seat in the stern for several seconds.

We realized that we must make some demonstration, even at the peril of being overheard on board the schooner, and, getting out the oars, we punched and jabbed with all our might. As soon as we got well out from the land the wind bore us along at a faster pace, but the sharks were not to be left behind. If there was one there were 200. They bit at the oars and splintered the blades, and if the men on the schooner had not been over tired they must have been awakened by the row.

We had drifted perhaps two miles when a terrible thing happened. We two sat on one thwart, Bill minding one side and I the other. He was bending over the rail, punching every shark within reach, when I heard a scream, and turned my head in time to see him pulled overboard. A shark had jumped far enough out of water to seize him. There was a terrible commotion in the water for a few minutes, every fish anxious to secure a morsel, and for a time I was entirely neglected and driving along alone. By and by three or four sharks came after me, but they no longer attacked the boat, nor did the number increase.

When I had got my nerve back I put the best oar over the stern and sailed away, keeping to the northwest, nor did I rest beyond a few minutes at a time until daylight came. I was then entirely out of sight of the schooner, and making a good pace of it. I saw half a dozen coasters on the bay, but made no signals. The Louisiana coast was in full sight, and I preferred driving ashore to being picked up. I knew how the coasters felt toward wreckers, and if I were picked up, my story would probably land me in the courts.

Soon after noon I fetched the shore in a bit of a bay, but I soon realized that I was no better off than out at sea. I was hungry and thirsty, but there was neither fresh water nor food. I sculled all around the bay in search of a creek, but found none, but toward evening a smart shower came up, and a gallon or so of fresh water was caught in the boat. It was full of filth when I came to drink it, but it relieved my burning thirst and put new life into me. Shortly after that I found a dead duck floating on the water. I did not stop to investigate its condition, but stripped off a part of the feathers and cut out and ate a large portion of the raw meat.

As the shores were dense canebrakes, through which I could make no progress, I tied the boat up for the night and went to sleep, but darkness had only fairly set in when the mosquitoes came down upon me by the million. Sleep was out of the question. Indeed, within an hour I was obliged to scull the boat out into the bay against a smart sea rolling in, and hold her there by hard work to keep from being devoured alive. Whenever I would let up for a few minutes, overcome by want of sleep, the boat would drift back and the pests would attack me, until I found them in my mouth.

After midnight the wind came up so briskly that the mosquitoes could no longer come out of the swamp at me, but a new danger arose. I had no thought of alligators until, as the boat rested against the reeds, a monster reptile rose up and clashed his jaws over the stern. In two minutes there were three or four swimming about me, and others were thrashing around in the swamp. From that time until daylight I had to shout, splash the water, and keep moving from one end of the boat to the other to frighten my enemies away, and it seemed as if I lived a month in those few hours.

As day broke the wind changed off the land, and I drove with it out of the bay. I was hardly out before an oyster schooner picked me up, and in a couple of days I was safely landed in New Orleans. When the captain asked for my story I offered him the yawl as a free gift in place of any explanation, and he accepted it, and did not ask another question.—*New York Sun.*

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The Maple Sugar and Syrup Trade.

At this season of the year maple sugar is abundant. In order to ascertain something about this product, a reporter for the *New York Mail and Express* called on one of the leading operators in that city. He said that the sale of maple sugar in New York aggregates over a million of pounds each year. His house this season alone handled 200,000 pounds.

"What becomes of so large a quantity?"

"It is retailed by grocers and confectioners as maple sugar. But the larger portion is boiled down into maple syrup by manufacturers, who supply it to grocery stores. The can style of packages has been made attractive by means of very handsomely decorated labels, which add to the present neat appearance of fancy grocery stores. The manufacturing of syrup is confined mainly to Chicago and this city. For the past five years there has been a great demand for maple syrup as a delicious table food. More and more of it has been used every year. Why? Because it is far better than molasses or cane syrup for buckwheat, wheat or other cakes, of which you know a large quantity is consumed. It is more delicious and suitable to the palate than the cane product, because it neither sours on the stomach nor clogs. The time is not far distant when the maple syrup will be used by every family and every restaurant and hotel."

"How do confectioners use it?"

"They use more maple sugar than syrup. They buy the pure product, and make it into candies of various varieties, for which the sugar is very suitable. The price of maple sugar in cans and tubs is about two cents per pound higher than cane sugar."

Curious Names.

"What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a *New Yorker* as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"E. P. Baxter, he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what an amount of foolish patriotism is concealed in those initials. The young man was born on January 3, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter, in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with cranky ideas on the subject of naming children. One boy I christened Perseverance Jones. I endeavored to dissuade the father, but he said the child's mother was called Patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together. Within a few paces of the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of S. L. U. Lloyd. If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Celabid.' I had a colored man named Alexander doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was."

"Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah," he replied.

"It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized."

"What names will you call them?" I asked.

"'Cherubim and Seraphim,' replied the mother.

"Why?" I asked in astonishment.

"Because," she replied, "de prair book says 'de cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and dese yere children do nuffin else."

The *New Yorker* edged toward the door, and when he had got in the lobby shouted "Cheer up," and skipped down stairs.—*Philadelphia News.*

DEFRAUDING THE CUSTOMS.

PEOPLE OF SOCIAL STANDING WHO SMUGGLE DUTIABLE GOODS.

An Ex-Inspector Narrates some Queer Experiences—The Use to Which a Pug was Put.

"A vast amount of smuggling goes on at this port every day," said an ex-inspector of customs, "and you'd be astonished if I were to tell you the names of the people who attempt to bring in dutiable goods without paying the charges. An inspector has many queer experiences. I have known men who are wealthy and would scorn to do an act that they considered dishonorable attempt to evade the customs duties on articles which they knew were dutiable. The professional smuggler is easily detected, and it is not often that one successfully evades the inspector's scrutiny. The smuggling is done by people that you would least expect to do that sort of thing. One case in particular I call to mind."

"A gentleman well known in social and financial circles arrived here on one of the American line steamers. He cheerfully consented to the examination of his baggage by the inspectors, and was willing to pay the charges on everything that we pronounced dutiable. He walked about while we were inspecting his baggage and freely gave up his keys. He had strapped over his shoulders a small Russian leather bag, and, after we had passed on his trunks, I requested permission to look through this bag. He flushed scarlet and explained that it only contained toilet articles. I suspected that there was something else in the bag and he reluctantly allowed me to examine it. There were toilet articles in it, it is true, but it also contained a package of jewelry, principally diamonds, which the appraiser valued at \$12,000. The gentleman excused himself by saying that he did not know that articles intended for personal use were dutiable, but I knew that this was all gammon. These cases are never heard of, because when detected the amateur smuggler always pays up."

"Ladies of the highest social position make continental trips and return loaded down with dutiable goods, which they successfully smuggle ashore. They don't consider it any disgrace to evade the customs—in fact, they rather pride themselves on their cunning. They wrap expensive laces about their forms, secrete diamonds in their pockets, the hems of their dresses and even in the heels of their shoes and tell the barefaced falsehoods unblushingly to evade paying the customs dues. We can't search them because of their high social position, but we know that they are smugglers."

"A young lady whose father is one of the wealthy men of the city, went abroad last summer in company with two relatives. They sailed from this port and returned hither. They allowed their general baggage to be inspected without protest. The young lady carried a diminutive pug dog in her arms. The animal was particularly ill-natured and vicious, but the young lady appeared to be very fond of the brute and carried him in her arms all the time. He wore a blanket and had a collar around his neck."

"I got close enough to see that the blanket was a mass of expensive lace tacked on to the blanket, to enable her to evade duty on it, and that the collar was literally studded with diamonds. What could we do? If we had held the dog there would have been a great howl over the indignity, and the girl's father had influence enough to have us all discharged. We consequently allowed the \$10 pug, with his \$2,000 blanket and his \$10,000 collar, to pass free of duty. Ladies and gentlemen of wealth, refinement and high social position do not scruple to evade the customs. They have trunks made with false bottoms, and in the receptacles thus provided bring in hundreds of dollars' worth of dutiable articles."

"All the sailors smuggle. They secrete goods all over the ship and derive a profitable trade by bringing in dutiable goods without submitting them to the appraiser. False lockers are made in the cabins and a thousand odd nooks and corners on a ship are utilized to conceal smuggled goods. They do not attempt to remove these while the vessel is discharging her cargo, because a great majority of the inspectors are vigilant and honest and the goods would be apt to be confiscated. They wait until the cargo is discharged, and after the inspector has gone over the vessel and certified that no dutiable goods remain on her they bring out their hidden treasures and carry them ashore. All sorts of goods are smuggled, and there are lots of common sailors who are in league with professional smugglers and bring in contraband goods on every trip."

"Occasionally goods are smuggled in through the connivance of a dishonest inspector, but these cases are rare, for the majority of the customs officers are honest and incorruptible. I have no means of estimating just how much dutiable goods annually escape appraisement at this port, but I should judge it was several hundred thousands of dollars' worth. Very often smuggling is done unconsciously. Men and women buy presents for their relatives and friends abroad and bring them safely through the customs under the apprehension that they are not dutiable because they are not intended to be sold. A man, for instance, will make a hurried business trip to England and will bring home a couple of thousand dollars' worth of presents for his family and friends. We know him to be a man of high character and don't subject his baggage to rigid scrutiny. He assures us that his trunks contain nothing dutiable, and we pass them without examination. He honestly means what he says, but the government is cheated out of its dues all the same."

—*Brooklyn Union.*

A storehouse belonging to the Mohave Indians, situated on the bank of the Colorado river, opposite Fort Mohave, Arizona Territory, fell recently, killing one Indian and severely wounding two others. The accident was caused by piling several tons of mesquite beans and corn on the roof. The Indian who was killed was immediately placed on a couple of cords of wood and burned to ashes, after which the Indians proceeded to burn everything belonging to him, and to kill his horses and have a big feast.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

All colors are illustrated in the delicate pearl beads.

Fans are more and more elegant as the days go by.

Gray and garnet is a favorite Parisian combination.

Dressy mantles of plush have small sling sleeves.

Woolen lace is now interwoven with gold and silver.

Porcupine cloth grows in fashion with the ultra fashionable.

Fur-trimmed costumes of jersey cloth are among the latest importations.

Golden brown and reseda are the new Parisian combination of colors.

It is sad, but it's a fact, there are no bonnets for elderly women this winter.

Soutache plastron, collar and cuffs are an effective adornment to plain bodices.

Brocade frise and coupe plush has alternating stripes of gold tinsel that will not tarnish.

Some velvet bonnets which are bordered with fur have the strings edged with fur also.

Three sets of buttons of like pattern but different sizes are worn on cloak or jacket and dress.

Algernon Sartoris and his wife (once Nellie Grant) are living in South Kensington, London.

Quilted satin skirtings come by the yard to be made up to wear with the many styles of short jackets.

Young ladies' evening dresses are very simple, and natural flowers are the most fashionable garniture.

A gold anvil with the smith's hammer lying on it is one of the latest novelties for brooches, clasps or sleeve-buttons.

Fleece-lined silk gloves are growing in favor. They are less cumbersome than woolen and less troublesome than kid.

A Russian countess with a long name drives in Paris with three horses abreast, each horse having a Siberian fur blanket.

Flowers are to be considered with every entertainment given, and they figure to a large extent in the adornment of evening dresses.

A bonnet for reception wear has the crown of pearl-embroidered velvet and a high brim of puffed moss-green velvet. It is simply trimmed with a bow of velvet ribbon and a white aigrette. The strings are of ribbon.

This is certainly not a diamond season; the diamond is made to "set" the more common stones, and the proper value of the other stones is being ascertained. Grace and beauty of setting are the elements of stylish jewelry this season.

A bonnet of black velvet has the crown studded with triangular-cut jet beads and the brim is covered with black lace. A few long loops of gold-colored faille fraise ribbon are posed directly in front. The strings are of black velvet.

Princess Isabeau, who recently inherited \$1,000,000 from her mother, keeps twenty dogs and twenty cats in her Parisian palace, who, being fed to the full, agree very happily together. She is going to found a home for the aged and indigent of both races.

Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, gave a party in honor of her seventeen-year-old son's birthday. It was a Mikado ball, and the decorations alone cost \$10,000, or more than ten times as much as it costs to costume some of the Mikado companies now prancing around the country.

Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, is said to be preparing a volume of her reminiscences and experiences, and as she was a belle at Washington sixty years ago, and has seen the best people and places at home and abroad, she cannot fail to favor the public with an uncommonly interesting book.

Learning Law by Experience.

In removing a piano from the college, just before Christmas, the legs were not removed, and in coming down College Hill it fell off the wagon and was badly damaged. Professor Doster says he did not know the legs would come off. His ignorance cost him \$40. Ben Walton says that the episode reminds him of a case at the last term of our superior court, where a party was convicted of shooting off a gun on the public highway between sundown and sunrise—a new law. "Have you any reason why sentence should not be passed?" asked Judge Willis, as the prisoner stood up.

"Judge, I didn't know it was against the law."

"You are fined \$50 and costs," interrupted the court.

"I know it now," lugubriously remarked the culprit.—*Hamilton (Ga.) Journal.*

Catching Wild Geese With Opium.

A correspondent of the *Memphis Avalanche* gives an account of a wild goose experiment at Sabine Pass, Texas. The brilliant Texas fellow put half a barrel of corn and a quantity of opium asoak for two weeks. Then he scattered the corn in the edge of the grass on the prairie where the geese fed. The opium put them to sleep, in which condition he caught and tied 7,000. The fat ones were slaughtered, the thin ones picked and turned loose. The account at the close stood as follows: Dr.—Grain and opium, \$11; time, \$9; picking and sundry expenses, \$400; total, \$420. Cr.—Received for feathers, \$2,350; for fat geese, \$1,500; total, \$3,750. Net profit, \$3,330.

The *New York World* says a child in that city was poisoned by a cough syrup containing morphia or opium. There is no such danger in Red Star Cough Cure. It is purely vegetable, prompt, safe and sure. Twenty-five cents.

It cost Mr. Pratt \$1,083,333.33 to found the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore.

Col. D. J. Williamson, Quartermaster U. S. A., and ex-U. S. Consul at Callao, Peru, spent \$20,000 in eight years in trying to cure himself of rheumatism, but got no relief until he used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured him.

In Portugal elections are held on Sunday, and the ballot box stands between two minis.

ALLEN'S
25 CENTS for Cough 25 CENTS for Croup
CURED BY
LUNG BALM
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
COUGH or CROUP
REMEDY.
AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
It Contains no Opium in Any Form.
ALLEN'S LUNG BALM in Three Size Bottles, Price 25 Cents, 50 Cents and \$1 Per Bottle. The 25 cent Bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Croup Remedy. Those desiring a remedy for CONSUMPTION or any LUNG DISEASE should secure the large \$1 bottle.
Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1 per Bottle.
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

VINEGAR BITTERS
A purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.
Vinegar Bitters is the best remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.
Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No household should be without it.
Vinegar Bitters cures Malaria, Biliousness and other fevers, diseases of

THE FORGER'S PROFESSION.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCHEMERS WHO SWINDLE BANKS.

Details of a "Business" That is Carried on With Much System—The "Backer" and His Assistants.

Describing the habits of forgers to a New York World reporter, Detective Pinkerton said:

"There are residing in the city of New York, and in some of the other large cities of the United States, men who make it a business and a study to concoct schemes to swindle banks by means of forged checks, notes, drafts, bills of exchange, letters of credit, etc., and in some instances getting up forged and counterfeit bonds to hypothecate for loans. These are the men who lay out the plans for all the great schemes worked by forgers from time to time on the banks in this city and other banks throughout the country. These men are possessed of considerable capital, and are known as the 'capitalists' or 'backers.'

"The business of the capitalist or backer is to get the genuine paper from which the forgeries are made, to prepare or have prepared the counterfeit blank check, draft, letter of credit or bill of exchange, and in cases where it is necessary, to procure a 'crooked' engraver or lithographer to make an exact duplicate of the genuine paper to be operated upon. This backer has generally an expert penman at his command, who, under his directions, does the forging, the penman writing in the names and such amounts as the backer may direct him to do, and, in fact, getting up the paper in shape to be presented at the bank. In this shape the paper is delivered by the forger or penman to the backer. The backer then calls in the services of a party known between themselves as a 'go-between' or 'middle-man,' and to the go-between he passes over the forged paper, with full directions as to how he desires it passed at the banks. The go-between is, as a rule, some man who has had at least one and sometimes two or three convictions for criminal offenses recorded against him. He is generally a man who has considerable acquaintance among that class of criminals who are at all times willing to take great chances to make money by laying down forged paper. The object of selecting a man as a go-between who has previously been convicted of some crime is to weaken his testimony in case at any time he should be arrested, and, in order to help himself out or lessen his punishment, concludes to turn State's evidence against the backer.

"Being an ex-convict, it would require strong corroborative evidence to allow a court to have a jury convict the backer, and the backer, appreciating that state of things, is careful in all he does to do it in such a way as to guard against corroborative evidence accumulating against him. The parties whom the go-between selects to pass the forged paper, or in their own language, to 'lay down the checks,' are known as presenters. These men are very numerous, of all ages and appearances, from the party who will pass as the errand boy, porter or clerk, to the man of business appearance of the retired merchant. In selecting these presenters, the go-between, like the backer, is careful only to select men who have had one or more previous records of conviction against them. His object is the same as that of the backer, to invalidate their testimony to some extent in case they get in trouble and make a confession implicating the party from whom they obtained the forged paper. Sometimes another party is introduced in the gang by the go-between, whose business it is to follow the party to whom the go-between gives the check (the presenter) from the time the check is given to him until he presents it for payment and returns with the money to the go-between. This man is called the shadow. In case the presents is not successful, but is arrested in the attempt to pass the check, the shadow immediately conveys word to the go-between, who conveys word to the backer, but in many cases the shadow is left out, and in order to cut down expenses the go-between does the shadowing himself, especially if the check is to be passed on a bank where he is not likely to be recognized.

"In case the presenter is arrested the go-between notifies the attorney who attends to all criminal cases for the backer. The attorney calls and sees the prisoner, and his business is to instruct the prisoner to keep his mouth shut, to talk to no one and he will secure bail for him. The attorney finally tells him he cannot get bail for him, but will get him off with a light sentence if he is convicted, or if he is a young man he promises to have him sent to the reformatory through influence which he claims to have with the court or with the district attorney. All this is done to keep him quiet. Finally the lawyer, by his promises and sometimes threats, induces him to plead guilty, and when this is done the presenter gets a long term of imprisonment, the attorney for the backer gets his fee, and the go-between can come out again and get some dupe to pass his forged paper, and when arrested he is humbugged into State prison. The influence of the backer or his money causes the presenter to be watched from the time of his arrest until he is landed in prison. The money obtained on forged paper is divided about as follows:

To the presenter, for passing checks under \$500, 15 to 20 per cent.
Passing checks from \$500 to \$1,000, 20 per cent.
Passing checks from \$1,000 to \$3,000, 25 to 30 per cent.
Passing checks from \$3,000 upward, 35 to 40 per cent.

"The go-between gets for his share from ten to fifteen or twenty-five per cent. The shadow gets whatever they are willing to give him, probably five per cent. The backer takes the balance, and out of his amount is paid the penman, the engraver and the lithographer, and an occasional fee to the attorney when any of the gang is in trouble, but the attorney is expected to get the principal part of his fee out of the prisoner. This gang frequently makes trips all over the country, defrauding banks with this forged paper. They generally travel under the management of the go-between, the backer seldom going; but he furnishes the forged paper in a completed state, possibly with the exception of the number and date of the check or draft, which can be put in by the go-between. The

presenter rarely, if ever, knows any one connected with the scheme outside of the go-between, and if there is more than one presenter it frequently happens that they are not allowed to see or know each other. The shadow as a rule is not told the names of the parties whom he is told to shadow by the go-between, nor does he know their address or resorts unless, as often happens through carelessness, they permit him to become aware of it. The go-between knows the backer, but is not supposed to know the forger or engraver. By this system the heads of a gang of forgers expect to escape arrest or punishment.

The Capitol Restaurants.

"Most of the Senators are good eaters," writes a Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveler. "They enjoy the best that the market affords, and like to remain for an hour or two at lunch, unless there is something of thrilling importance transpiring in the Senate chamber. President pro tem Sherman is rather a spare eater. He is very particular and is fond of plain food, but his appetite is by no means rapacious. It is noticeable that most of the Southern Senators are fond of expensive lunches with wines. The Eastern men as a rule are more fastidious. They do not drink as much wine, but they order more expensive dishes. The Western Senators have the best there is, both in the line of wines and dishes. The best is hardly good enough for the Western Senator, especially if he happens to have a few political friends with him from home.

"The House restaurant is an entirely different kind of an affair from that in the Senate wing. There is no 'holy of holies.' The representatives and the public take equal chances. Everything is full of bustle and life. The top of the champagne cork and the swish of the more humble but still more fermenting whisky as it disappears down a customer's throat are mingled in confusion. No attempt is made to disguise the sale of liquor, notwithstanding the joint rule which forbids it in the capitol. There is hardly a moment, during the session, when some Congressman or employee is not assisting the restaurant-keeper in breaking this rule. There are some hearty eaters in the House. Quite a number of them are content with simple bread and milk, but others are fond of ordering full course dinners. Speaker Carlisle has his meals served in the speaker's room. He is a dainty eater, and while he consumes but little, yet he is fond of a complete assortment. The speaker usually washes it down with some rare old wines. Perry Belmont, of New York, is one of the most particular men who comes into the House restaurant. His orders must be cooked exactly as he orders or he will not touch the dish when it is set before him. Congressman Robertson, of Kentucky, is the oddest member about his food. He is extravagantly fond of onions. Usually he orders a large dish of these vegetables cut raw, and eats them all with wonderful relish. No matter how crowded the House restaurant is, Robertson always has an entire table to himself."

Washington's Aids.

Washington was a good judge of men and horses. He never trained for the saddle a colt which he should have sent to the plow; and he never, unless overruled, put a man into a place he could not fill. The generals he selected rarely failed to do their work, while those whom Congress forced upon him seldom justified the selection.

He showed his usual good judgment in selecting his two aids, Alexander Hamilton, of New York, and Richard K. Meade, of Virginia. The Virginian was a fearless horseman, but the New Yorker was a vigorous writer and strong thinker.

"Hamilton," said Colonel Meade, "did the headwork of Washington's staff, and I did the riding."

At the close of the war Washington, while taking leave of his aids, said to Hamilton: "You must go to the bar, which you can reach in six months." Turning to Colonel Meade he said: "Friend Dick, you must go to your plantation; you will make a good farmer, and an honest foreman of the grand jury."

Both predictions were fulfilled. Hamilton became a leader of the New York bar, and Meade built, with his own hands, a log-house of two rooms on his plantation in the valley of Virginia, where he became a famous farmer. Several years later Meade visited Mount Vernon, and Washington rode to meet him. They met on the opposite sides of a pair of drawbars, and both dismounted.

"Friend Dick," said Washington, "as your host, it is my privilege to take down the bars."

"Well, general," retorted Meade, "I will be your aid still."—*Youth's Companion.*

Four Thousand Counterfeiters.

In the Treasury Department is one room where there are on exhibition the photographs of over four thousand counterfeiters, writes a Washington correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution. Large frames upon the walls and huge albums upon the tables are filled with faces of every age, sex and nationality. Here is the rough, hardened visage of a Caucasian side by side with the peaceful face of a suave and almond-eyed Chinese; here, too, is a youth, with a trace of innocence yet left in the features, side by side with representatives of the sex that gives us birth, and coarse-looking men framed beside the faces of seemingly refined and polished gentlemen.

Some idea as to the extent to which counterfeiting is carried on here may be formed from the fact that in a vault in the Rogers' Gallery there is now over one and a half million dollars of counterfeit money, all of which has been captured from counterfeiting gangs within the past seven or eight years. Beside this, the government has destroyed two million dollars since the war. I am speaking now only of money that has been captured in the hands of counterfeiters by the twenty odd agents of the secret service.

Off in the Stilly Night.

Off in the stilly night,
When bed-clothes snugly bound me,
I've heard the whistled felines fight
In martial rounds around me.
The spot of cats,
The hurled brickbats,
The careless words then spoken:
The eyes that shone
The back fence on
The pines of glass now broken!
—Philadelphia Item.

MORSELS FOR THE MERRY.

TID-BITS OF HUMOR GATHERED FOR OUR READERS.

Was Posted—An Easier Way—Love and Coal Bills—Where he Was Struck—Not Warning Enough.

"You are going into the lecture field, they tell me?"
"Yes, I think some of doing so."
"Have you ever had any experience in public speaking?"
"No, I never tried to address an audience in my life."

"But, my good sir, how can you hope to succeed if you know nothing about the lecture business?"
"Oh, I'm posted on the lecture business. You can depend on that."

"But how does that come?"
"Come? Why, great Scott, man, I've been married twenty-two years!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

An Easier Way.

"That's rather a pretty idea, that old sailor sitting on his upturned boat and eating his frugal meal. What are you going to call it, Mr. Brush?" asked a Nob Hill young lady as she was looking at a nearly finished painting in an Ellis street studio.

"Yes, I flatter myself that the picture is a unique idea. 'I shall name it 'The Skipper's Meal,' replied the artist.

"Say," spoke up the lady's young brother, "I can tell you how to paint a skipper's meal easier nor that one."

"Could you? How?"
"Just paint a piece of cheese. That's all."—*California Mackerel.*

Love and Coal Bills.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says: "The deepest emotion that man knows is love," but little the cruel father thinks of this when he comes down stairs at midnight with a club in his hand and fire in his eye and drives into the inclemency of a midwinter night the fond youth who with self-sacrificing devotion, has for hours been assisting his daughter to test the stability of a rocking chair. Does such a father ever stop to consider that love is the deepest emotion that man knows? Ah! no. Careless he about outraging the tenderest feelings of the human heart. His mind filled only with sordid thoughts, he bursts in upon the happy pair, exclaiming:

"I want you to understand that I pay the coal bills for this house."
"Tis thus that 'Love's young dream' is so frequently transformed into a nightmare."—*Boston Courier.*

Where he Was Struck.

Witness—"Yes, sir. He struck me on the bridge."

Lawyer (sharply interrupting)—"How is that? You said awhile ago that he struck you on the balcony?"

Witness—"So he did, sir. I'm tellin' you no lie."

Lawyer—"Did he strike you more than once?"

Witness—"Only once, sir. Begorra, I was quite satisfied."

Lawyer—"How then could he strike you on the bridge and on the balcony at the same time and with one blow?"

Witness—"Anyhow, he did, sir."

Judge (interfering)—"On what balcony?"

Witness—"The balcony of the hotel, your honor."

Judge—"And on what bridge?"

Witness—"The bridge of my nose, sir. Had the spalpeen waited, I'd a told him."—*Call.*

The Pole Horse Run Into.

"Chancellor" Crawford is one of the best known men on the turf. He is a standard authority on all track matters, and is never nonplussed no matter when or where he is asked the question. On one occasion in a race the trotter which had the pole was clearly getting the best of the others, when the next driver yelled to Crawford, who was driving on the outside: "He's getting away with me, Crawford."

"Run into him," answered Crawford.

"They'll expel me, won't they?" asked the first.

Crawford took the lines in his left hand, and, without taking his eyes off his own or the other horses, reached under the seat with his right hand and fished out a copy of the trotting laws and rapidly thumbed it over on his knee. Suddenly glancing like lightning at it, he raised his head and shouted back:

"Article 16, chapter 6, only \$25 fine! Run into him!"

The pole horse was run into, and the winner paid his fine without a murmur.

—*Chicago News.*

Not Warned Enough.

An old and innocent-looking man was waiting at the Third street depot the other day for a train, and as he was walking in and out a good deal the police officer on that beat cautioned him to look out for confidence men.

"Oh, I know all about confidence men," was the reply, and that ended the conversation for the time.

In about an hour the old man came rushing up in an excited state of mind and cried out:

"Some infernal skunk has picked my pocket of \$22!"

"Well, I cautioned you."

"You're a liar! You told me to look out for confidence men, and never said a word about pickpockets! While I was a-telling one chap that I was no greenhorn, and that nobody could confidence me, his partner got into my pocket! You're a nice old police force, you are!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Willing to Correct.

He walked into the office the other morning, looking pretty much like a man dissatisfied with general results.

"Can I see the editor?" he inquired.

He was directed to the foot of the throne.

"Good morning, sir," he began gruffly.

"Mornin'," grunted the editor.

"I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper."

"What is it?"

"Well, I sent a notice around here that my friend Smith had just been married, and your infernal compositor got it, Mr. Smith has just been martyred."

"Ugh, you call that a misprint, do you? Well I don't, and I've raised that compositor's wages. If you don't like it,

send Smith around to me ten years from now, and if he wants it corrected, I'll have it done."

The visitor departed to see Smith.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Queer People.

The barber's shop was next door to the baker's shop, and the baker had just gotten a ton of coal. The coal had been dumped on the sidewalk, and, after the fashion of coal men, much nearer to the barber's door than to the baker, to whom it belonged. The barber had just gotten the lather on a customer, when one of the genius tramp came in.

"Put yer coal, mister?"
"No," said the barber, pleasantly: "no, my friend, that's not my coal, you know."

The tramp had hardly disappeared round the corner, when another opened the door.

"Put yer coal in fur ye, mister?"
"No," said the barber a little sharply: "the coal's not mine, I say."

They kept coming, and seven of them appeared in twenty minutes, and to the eighth man the barber is alleged to have said: "Git! The blamed coal ain't mine."

"Now, see here," said the shaver, "there ain't no use gittin' mad over it. Just put up a sign sayin', 'This coal ain't mine.' That's all ye need."

"Say, you've got a great head," said the barber, and in a few moments he had the sign stuck on the top of the heap of coal. "Reckon that'll fix it," he remarked.

The door opened and a tall man with a shovel looked in.

"Say, mister, did you put that sign up, or did the other fellow?"

Then the barber closed his shop and went out and got drunk—with malice aforethought.

He had only one remark to make when Justice Meach found him \$5.

"Mister Judge," he said, "can't I make that baker pay me fine?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

WISE WORDS.

A little praise is good for a shy temper; it teaches us to rely on kindness of others. Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.

Whatever you would have your children become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

It is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

The man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

If the way the money has been obtained could be written out over donors names in the walls of churches, how many would blush to read some of the inscriptions.

This life would indeed be a blank, this world a dreary and desolate waste, if, after a misfortune has befallen us, we had no friend to call in and say, "I told you so."

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor a man.

A Ghastly Story.

It was in the spring of 1877 that this man took a fancy to the profession which he afterward abandoned because he thought there was a little too much of the inhuman in it. One night, after the body-snatcher had brought in a "good, healthy stiff"—that is, one on which the worms had not begun to feast—a knock was heard at the door of the dissecting room. Quicker, he said, than it took to tell it the "professor" had yanked out the upper and lower teeth of the dead man with a pair of forceps, cut off his nose and ears with a knife, and the poor devil on the dissecting table, who once might have put in a protest against this unseemly conduct on the part of his fellow-man, never uttered a syllable or moved a muscle in defense of his post-mortem rights. Sans nose, sans ears, sans teeth, the dead man could not now be recognized even by the mother who gave him birth, were she in the party who were on the trail of the grave-rover. This much was horrible enough to shock the cruelest nature, but when this man told me that in his brief career as a medical student he had seen the corpse of a young lady whom he had known in life sacrificed on the altar of science, my heart grew sick at the ghastly tale.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Wonderful Cave.

A wonderful cave has recently been explored in Snake valley, Pine county, Nevada. It consists of a great number of apartments connected by long galleries and ornamented with beautiful stalactites of a transparent whiteness. The largest room yet found is 800 feet in height, 200 feet wide, and 150 feet in height. Fantastic names have been given to the objects met with in the course of the exploration. Solomon's temple is a magnificent stalagmite column. Cleopatra's needle is a slender shaft beautifully fluted, and the grand cathedral is an enormous pile of white stalagmites eighty-five feet in circumference and twenty-five feet in height, and surmounted by a dome of good proportions. The cave also contains little lakes and streams, and one seeming waterfall, a vast sheet of shining, icy-looking stalagmite, that has been christened Niagara.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Her Big Sister's Beau.

You are my sister's new beau, are you, The one she caught at the ball? I heard her telling mamma so, Just as I came through the hall.

She says you are awfully stupid, And you cannot dance at all; It's just because you're rich, I guess, Made you the "catch" at the ball.

And she says that when you are married, She'll teach you a thing or two; I don't think I'd be taught by a girl If I were a man like you.

What! Not going already, are you? Jack never hurried off so; Sister will be down in a minute, And be real angry, I know.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

EVERY PART OF THE BODY is filled with veins and arteries; the last carrying pure blood to build up the tissues—the first carrying away waste matter. Pure blood is necessary to health, and the waste, if not removed, is poisonous. Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS stimulate the organs that separate the poisonous waste from the body.

Dealers in wild animals in Europe often lose \$12,000 a year by the death of animals. The profits of the dealers are enormous, however.

"More than all other Lung Remedies," is what E. W. Fairman, druggist, Dayton, Ind., writes of Allen's Lung Eucalypti. He has sold it for eight years in all cases of consumption in all cases. 25c, 50c, \$1 per bottle. Druggists.

Two millions of tons of ice are required annually to keep the people of New York cool.

The "Favorite Prescription."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name has become known over the world through his success as a physician, and especially through the reputation of his "Golden Medical Discovery," has done a good work in preparing an especially good remedy for many distressing troubles classed as "female weaknesses." It is known as the "Favorite Prescription." It is a strong stimulant, and the women who come to it emboldened of health and beauty which God intended her to be.

The czar of Russia derives an income of \$100,000,000 from his personal estate.

Rapture, Breach, or Heroin, neglected, often becomes strangled and proves fatal. We employ a new method and guard against the danger of overdose. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 623 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The French courts have ruled that even a key can do duty as a wedding ring.

Greatest Discovery since 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great liver-purifier and strength-restorer, or tonic, and for liver complaint, and cold condition of the bowels has no equal. Sold by druggists.

FOUR men took out in one month \$100,000 from a Montana silver mine.

The purest, sweetest and best Cold Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oil on the market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Petroleum V. Nasyb.

D. R. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasyb, editor Toledo "Blade," writes: "I had on a forefinger of my right hand one of those pleasant pets, a 'run-round.' The finger became inflamed to a degree unbearable and swollen to nearly twice its natural size. A friend gave me HENRY'S CATHARTIC SALVE, and in twenty minutes the pain had subsided so much as to give me a fair night's rest, which I had not had before for a week. The inflammation left the finger in a day. I consider it a most valuable article."

No one should delay when they have a cough or cold, when a 50 cent bottle of Henry's Cathartic Salve will promptly and safely cure them. Dollar size cheapest for family use or chronic cases.

Frazier Axle Grease.

Is kept by all dealers. One box lasts as long as two of any other. Received medals at N. C. State Fair, Centennial and Paris Exposition.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists, 50c.

Advertisement for the curfew bell rings at 10 o'clock every night.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK
COUGH CURE
Free from Opium, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE.
SURE.
PROMPT.
25 Cts.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
FIFTY CENTS
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
FIFTY CENTS
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

CATARH IN THE HEAD IS
A disease of the mucous membrane. It generally originates in the nasal passages and maintains its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus along the membranous linings and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, ETC.
FIFTY CENTS
ELLY BROTHERS, Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

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Immediate Relief!
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